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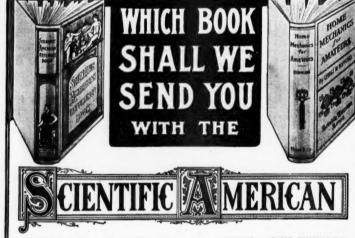
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NUMBER II

VOLUME XXXVI

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NEW YORK SATURDAY DECEMBER 9 1905

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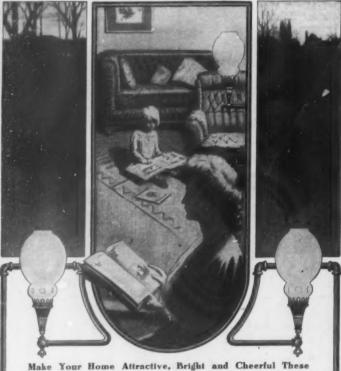


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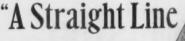
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Collier's THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE GAME BEGINS

DRAWN BY B. W. KEMBLE



ONFRONTING CONGRESS for settlement this year are many questions of importance, in which genuine arguments are divided; but there is one subject on which no doubt exists at all. There is nothing in the Philippine tariff situation except the question whether this country shall act with ordinary morality and honor, or whether it shall continue to steal from impoverished dark-skinned victims of our rule-steal for the benefit of bloated plutocrats at home. The wicked law which is to go into effect next July, forcing the carriage of all

freight, to and from the islands, in American ships, must either be repealed or stand as the grossest proof of perfidy and greed in the United States national assembly. We must lessen, if we are not sufficiently decent to remove, the tariff duties which prevent the Philippines from securing a new market to replace the one which we ourselves destroyed. We do not believe our sugar and tobacco magnates are going to lose any of their hard-earned billions through common justice to the men we forced into submission to our sway, but even if these fat gentlemen should be interfered with by a slight reduction of their gross tariff special privileges, would our people care so very much? Who owns the Senate-the people or the trusts?

DERHAPS MR. ROOSEVELT'S BLUNDER, in the endeavor to escape the reciprocity trouble, will improve him in the end. Undoubtedly he regrets the light in which, by his own error, he has been put. He harshly told Mr. WHITNEY he was incapable of exact thinking, and then he gave a most preposterous example of foggy words with no thought himself. He threw out his chest and said the President of the United States was too grand and awful a creature to argue with a mortal, which only meant that he wished to do all the arguing himself. He made the case worse with every word he wrote and uttered, until the country rang with regret and ridicule. The President is a man, on the whole brave and good, and when he realizes what he has done he very likely will make up for it by greater modesty, more openness to the words of other men, a struggle toward exactness himself, or, at least, mental fairness, and, above all, by emancipation from the worst influences to which he listens.

ONE REMARKABLE INCIDENT of the last election was the nature of the work done by the JEROME watchers. These

men were volunteers. They were nearly all young, brave, and intelligent. They liked the idea of danger in such a cause. Some of them were mutilated, taken to hospitals, driven into delirium by the injuries inflicted by Mr. Murphy's employees, but they won. At a post of especial danger was seen a youth whose fair hair and smooth face gave him the appearance of a boy. All through the day he might have been seen making notes on sheets of paper. In the early evening he was seen to leave the polling place and return, without his notes. Soon the Tammany leader in command ordered him roughly from his post. The youth turned pale, and answered quietly that he must stay. The local politician said he was half inclined to push in the young man's face on general principles. The boy's face was white. "Of course you can do me up if you like," he said. "I can't protect myself. But you may have noticed me writing. I have put down, among other things, the names of every officer, watcher, judge, inspector, and clerk here to-day, and I have mailed those papers to, a friend." He kept his post. He had felt all day that the night might be his end, but he had collected his evidence and arranged as best he could that if he was kept from his duties, punishment should follow. Such as he were the thousands of young men who

OVERNOR PENNYPACKER SIGNED a bill appropriating So,000 for the erection of a memorial to his distinguished cousin, the late Senator Quay. This \$20,000 belonged to the people of Pennsylvania, but their legislators were delighted to turn it to the honor of the man who created many of them. Such a protest has arisen since the Governor's signature that a doubt has been raised about whether the statue will actually ever become a reality. Colonel Samuel Moody, however, secretary of the commission for

in registering the people's will.

went to the polling places to see something approaching honesty

erecting the tribute to the deceased great and honored statesman, declares that the scheme will be carried through despite the "hue and cry," as politicians are accustomed to call any moral protest. "The figure will be heroic in size," the Colonel says, "and will represent the late Sepator in his favorite pose. All of his friends are familiar with that portrait of him standing beside a table with a book in one hand and his eyeglasses in the other." We do not wish to intrude suggestions, but would not a bottle and a pocketbook add to the adequacy of the portrayal? Mr. Quay's personal charm is not debated. To raise a statue to him as a personal influence is to give the lie, as far as possible, to what Pennsylvania accomplished on November 7.

BURDENS BORNE BY WOMEN are described by ROBERT HUNTER in the December "Cosmopolitan" in an article of many striking features. Mr. HUNTER calls the Irish peasantry the saddest and hungriest he has ever seen. "They no longer bleed their horses and mix their blood with sorrel to make food; for now they have no horses." He talks of poverty in general, in various countries, but especially of the woman's labor aspect, which is worst of all in Italy. Under the padrone system, women work as slaves, and are beaten when they rest. Old age, there and elsewhere, immediately follows girlhood. Girls begin to work at five or six and continue until they are old-at thirty. It is among the poorest classes everywhere that delicate mothers and the merest babies do the work of men. In poverty men become sullen and drunken, but with women the nearer they are to starvation the more desperately they toil. They work harder than men for half the wages, and often they sink from exhaustion. In the United States, about five million women are wage-earners-nearly a million in agriculture, about two million in industrial pursuits. In some industries a woman dooms her unborn child to early death; in others, she alone is poisoned. The evils of woman's work are increasing in this country, and we are doing less to stay the hardships than is being done under the harsher conditions that prevail abroad.

League about the Child Labor Laws of 1904-5. In the year ending last March there was considerable improvement. A National Child Labor Committee was formed to make the effort constantly and regularly progressive. To secure enforcement is a far greater difficulty than to secure enactment. In Illinois and Ohio the local Consumers' Leagues have done much to have the laws enforced. Ten States, during the year considered, enacted child labor laws or compulsory education laws, or both. These States are California, Delaware, Kansas, Massa-CHILDREN chusetts, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, and West Virginia. North Carolina and Georgia considered bills, but did not pass them. Of these ten States, five, California, Delaware, Kansas, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, now appear for the first time in the list of those which prohibit the employment of children under fourteen. Some of these States, such as California, Delaware, and especially Rhode Island, have drawn their laws badly, and others, as Vermont, Oregon, and New York, have drawn them well, but in every State some work remains to be done for legislation, and a limitless amount for enforcement.

HEERFUL STATISTICS have been printed by the Consumers'

THE GREAT SCHOLAR ERASMUS liked good food and good beverages, as well as other pleasant things in life, and he saw many evils which we see now. Even in his day people made money by adulteration, and Erasmus was much wroth. "We hang men who steal money," cried he. "These creatures really steal our money, and our lives in addition, and yet go free." All of which narration is to introduce a few remarks by us about pure food, as it will face our august Congress again this SHOULD FOOD BE PURE winter. Nobody really thinks it well to feed human beings with poison in the guise of food, so why should we allow certain persons to do it for a fleeting and paltry gain? Some concerns complain to us that their manufactures are pure and yet suffer from what little agitation has been worked up thus far against adulteration. We think they can hardly suffer much. In the end the honest dealers should gain by public discrimination. Since the United States Government introduced rather severe examinations for imported poison, such

as borax in eggs and sulphate of copper in canned vegetables,



imports have not decreased in volume. On the contrary, they have grown in amount as well as improved in quality. The import of olive oil has much increased since people have learned that only pure oil is admitted. Why should not the same principles work all along the line? Let dealers help on legislation to guarantee purity and the legitimate side of the business will receive help from added confidence.

THE PUBLIC PARKS OF TO-DAY have all had their con-

I ception and initiation within the past fifty years. Starting with this in mind, Mr. FREDERICK W. KELSEY, chief mover in developing the Essex County Park system of New Jersey, holds out high hopes for the future of American parkways. new book on the history of the Essex County park developments he includes the difficulties, mainly due to corporations and machines, that impede similar public efforts everywhere in this country, but he also shows how, by persistence and intelligence, victory may be won. The usual insidious powers and influences "held up" the parkways in the railroad interests for many years. The people and the newspapers were easily won to a cause so clearly for the public good, but alert and concentrated money made the fight a hard one. The politicians worked with the public service corporations, as usual, and also plunged eagerly after the "patronage" involved in any appropriation for the parks. There was such persistent agitation, however, that the people understood the situation more and more clearly, and more and more advantage was won over the predatory interests, until to-day the Essex County park system is among the finest in the land. Certain points of interest in the story are merely touched, as how shrewd attorneys and the interested politicians, working for the corporations, acted out the policy of creating realistic phan-toms and legal hobgoblins for the purpose of befogging the public mind and confusing honest officials; how the effort was made to use both the press and one branch of the church, and even forged postal-card ballots; how such organizations as the Woman's Club, the New England Society, the Road Horse Association, and other civic and good government associations joined the parkway forces and entered into the fray, remaining to the finish. Mr. KELSEY'S long experience also qualifies him to give general recommendations which apply to similar movements, wherever they may be started, and his book is one which all workers in this field should know.

the art of fiction, he thought, would be vastly simplified. So, we have discovered, would the presentation of facts. How easy would be our patent medicine task if every perpetrator of the frauds were a rascal; every dispenser of the poisons a villain. We have been moved to this consideration by a visit from CHARLES L. BARTLETT, proprietor of Orangeine. Last week Mr. Adams told what Orangeine is. Naturally Mr. Bartlett takes a somewhat different view. "If you destroy people's faith in Orangeine," he tells us with tragic emphasis, "you will do what INGERSOLL did when he blotted out GoD and gave his followers nothing to fill the void." This is not rhetoric alone: it is an honest, if impassioned credo. Mr. Bartlett believes in his product. Coroners' verdicts leave his faith unshaken. Enough for him that he seems to benefit by the use of the nostrum. He even employs it on behalf of the soap firm which he represents as Chicago manager. "Our salesmen take Orangeine powders with them on the road. They give one to a customer. It brightens him up. He feels good. world looks pleasant to him. There's a sale as good as made." It would be easy to denounce Mr. Bartlett as a deliberate drugger of the public for his own profit. It would perhaps be true, but it would certainly not be just. How far honesty of purpose excuses the evil that men do, let the moralists decide. We think STEVENSON would have enjoyed Mr. BARTLETT. Perhaps he might even have understood him.

 $S_{\rm all}^{\rm TEVENSON}$ ONCE BEWAILED the fact that character is not all of a piece. Were individuals entirely good or entirely evil,

A VISITING ENGLISH PRINCE and Admiral passed a few days with a private family on the Hudson. "The Prince," said a newspaper report, "passed the evening unostentatiously." The report seemed faithful, and we are constrained to believe this

portion of it. Having been busy reading about the Russian revolution, the insurance disclosures, the President's attitude on reciprocity, and other daily routine news, we culpably omitted to see how our royal guest spent the morning and afternoon, but are sure he included elements which the WONDERFUL reporter found lacking in the evening. The report did not satisfy entirely. How did he show this absence of ostentation? And how does he behave when he in full war paint undertakes to do his most ostentatious? We still believe that, in ostentation or in the absence of it, so royal a gentleman understands behavior:

"A prince, the moment he is crown'd, Inherits every virtue round, As emblems of the sovereign pow'r, Like other bawbles of the Tow'r; Is generous, valiant, just, and wise, And so continues till he dies."

SWIFT forgot to enumerate among these things the various intricacies of social behavior, but in our day a large part of royal training is deportment, which is mastered as thoroughly as horsemanship was wont to be, so that finally a prince in spending a quiet evening with a friend is able to lay aside from his demeanor, as simply as removing an overcoat, every trace of ostentation.

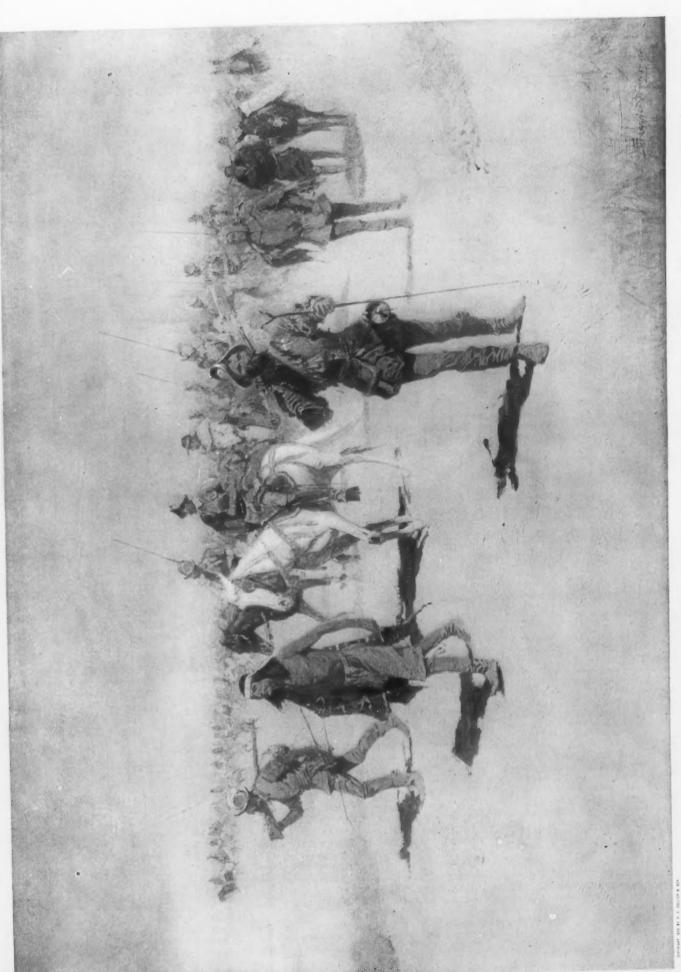
ANTHONY HOPE KNOWS ACTRESSES. His latest novel to be published is not one of his best, but it contains some attractive characteristics and some charmingly written pages, with the wit that is always his. The heroine of "A Servant of the Public" is an actress, and the mixture of good qualities and limitations which the novelist gives to her is the result of much experience, and is typical of the best kind of women of the stage. The author's feeling for her is tender: "If she sacrificed others, if her nature were shaped to that, was she not a sacrifice herself—sacrificed that beautiful things might be set before the eyes and in the hearts of men?

Let judgment then be gentle, and love unashamed."

NATURE We might, indeed, almost suspect there was something between the writer and his creation, for he feels her charm more than the reader does; but that he is eminently just to the histrionic nature, with its warm, sincere impulses, its contradictions and vagaries, its multitude of surface ripples and its lack of unity, is beyond all doubt. His hero, seem ingly representative of the author's views, holds the balance carefully between the steadier virtues and paler natures of the routine business world and the charming but unsatisfying vagaries of the heroine. The drama is an exaggeration or emphasis of the real world, and the typical actress has been said to contain in herself an exaggerated collection of woman's traits.

OLLEY CIBBER, and other practical men, from time to time, have altered Shakespeare. Cibber wished Cordella to live and marry EDGAR, LEAR to have a serene old age, and HAMLET to find bliss with OPHELIA. The elder DUMAS, in one of his many versions, had the Ghost presiding over the final scene, awarding happiness and punishment: CLAUDIUS to the lowest pit, Gettrude to a little sojourn in purgatory, and so following. Hamlet: "And I?" Ghost: "Thou shalt live." Curtain. As CIBBER and DUMAS, so are we. Most of us, in any age, are unfit for pleasure as austere and pure as that of tragedy -the pleasure with which are seen the beauty and truth of sorrow, the consolation with which we see the high and simple meanings of life rounded by life's destruction. The ordinary idea is that virtue should be rewarded-that good people should live happy ever after. The idea of tragedy is that virtue and vice have little to do with re-wards and punishment. The rain falleth on the just and on We are to be noble for the sake of nobleness, the unjust. and to fear death and suffering less than low desert. Ancient tragedy accepted this feeling of moral truth more completely than it is accepted by the literature of our day. We are better at sentiment than at tragedy. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon I, "had Corneille lived in my time I would have made him a prince." A cheap reward enough, but what Napoleon meant was, as he explained, that tragedy fires the soul, elevates the heart, and is the making of the heroic.

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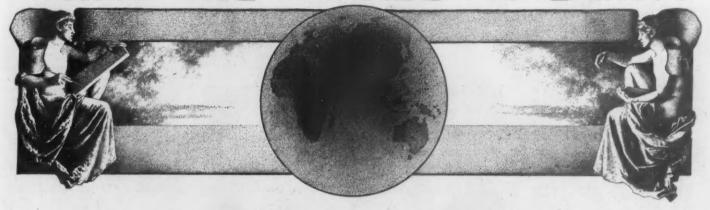


THE GREAT AMERICAN EXPLORERS. III-CORONADO PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Coronado was one of the earliest of the Spanish soldier explorers. With a large force he started from old Mexico in 1840, and traveled across what is now New Mexico, until he reached the present State of Kansas. Luckier than many of his contemporaries, he returned in safety to the Spanish settlements in Central America

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE constitutional reformers in Russia have the upper hand for the present, but the country is still torn by disorder. Premier Balfour of Great Britain is preparing to yield to the inevitable and dissolve Parliament. The insurance investigation has brought out the proof that the companies have been subsidizing State as well as National politics. The long-threatened naval demonstration of the Powers against Turkey has begun. The first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress was opened on December 4, with President Roosevelt holding a position of advantage. The state of the Isthmian Canal project is embarrassing the Administration. Japan has succeeded at last in making her control of Korea effective. Secretary Shaw has consented to stay in the Cabinet until Congress adjourns next summer. Parades of unemployed men and women give continuing testimony to the distress in London. In a speech at Kansas City Secretary Taft denounced

the opposition of the sugar and tobacco interests to Philippine free trade as "the quintessence of selfishness." ¶ A hundred thousand Jews marched in unpremeditated procession through the East Side of New York on November 23, as a display of grief for the massacres in Russia. ¶ The American settlers on the Isle of Pines have formed a Territorial government and are demanding recognition for the island as part of the United States. ¶ John D. Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, and other Standard Oil magnates were subpoensed on November 23 to testify in suits brought against the trust by the State of Missouri. ¶ The General Board of the Navy has asked for three 18,000-ton battleships, three 5,000-ton scout cruisers, five gunboats, and a number of torpedo craft. The Construction Board favors 16,000-ton battleships. ¶ With 19 men killed and 137 seriously wounded in the football season of 1905, a movement has begun among college presidents to reform or abolish the game

Russia on the Way to Freedom

R USSIA is the country of poetic justice, and Time's revenges never were more dramatically applied than in the present relations of the Government and the Zemstvos. On the accession of Nicholas II, some of the members of these local councils ventured to express the hope that they might be allowed to have a voice in national affairs. The young Czar snubbed them with an insulting rebuke. Last year, after permission had been given for delegates from the Zemstvos to meet for consultation in a general congress, the permission was revoked; and the members had to come together as an illegal assemblage in a private house. Now the Zemstvo Congress disposes of the fate of the Government. The Czar's Ministers send envoys to beg its favor, and it debates the question whether it shall grant its countenance on onerous terms or shall refuse any terms at all.

The majority of the Zemstvoists, who, it must be remembered, are mostly rich land-owners, and therefore represent the naturally conservative element of the country, favored the policy of supporting the Witte Government if it would accept their demands. Among these requirements were universal direct suffrage, a Constituent Assembly, the fulfilment of the imperial promises contained in the manifesto of October 30, and the punishment of the persons guilty of the recent massacres. The resolutions adopted declare the Congress in "complete solidarity" with the constitutional basis provided by the manifesto, and pledge the support of the great majority of Zemstvos and municipalities to the Cabinet as long as it follows this path, but give warning that "every deviation will encounter decisive opposition." Under the Zemstvo plan, the first Douma will transform itself into a Constituent Assembly, which, "with the approbation of the Emperor," will elaborate a constitution for the Russian Empire. The parallel between this programme and the course of events in France in 1789 is obvious, and, to the Romanoffs, sinister. Nevertheless Count Witte is willing to accept it, with the exception of the requirement of direct universal suffrage. He does not object to universal suffrage, but, considering the abysmal ignorance of the peasants, he proposes to have their representatives chosen through electoral colleges, as in the system nominally employed for the election of an American President. The workmen of the cities he would allow to vote directly.

at the same time with the Zemstvo Congress, made demands which in some respects were even more radical. Like the Zemstvoists, it called for a Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage, but in its view "universal" included women. Naturally its chief concern was with the land, which the peasants believe ought all to belong to themselves. It has never been possible to convince great numbers of these people that when the Liberator Czar freed the serfs he did not also bestow upon them all the estates of their former masters.



THE TOTTERING BRITISH PREMIER

Arthur James Balfour, who is about to face certain defeat after over thirteen years of power—the longest term ever enjoyed by a British Prime Minister since Canning succeeded Lord Liverpool in 1827

The peasants have now resolved to form a universal Peasants' League, to enforce their demands by a strike, to refuse to buy land from the landlords while their claims are pending, and in case of a strike to refuse to pay taxes or to perform their

military duties. If this threat were put into execution the Government would be absolutely crippled, because it is only by means of troops recruited from the peasantry that it is able to keep down the workmen of the towns.

But radical agitation is only the beginning of the Government's troubles. In many parts of the country the peasants have openly defied the authorities, seizing the land, burning and pillaging the homes of the nobles, and even going to the dire extreme of refusing to drink vodka, whereby the revenues of the Treasury are cut off at the root. The great southern naval station of Sebastopol has been in the hands of mutineers, representing both the army and the navy, as well as the workmen of the port, and the most ominous feature of their outbreak has been that it was not a blind eruption of rage like that at Cronstadt, but a deliberately planned revolt, with duly elected leaders, orderly parades, and precautions against riot and plunder. The change in the name of the battleship Knias Potemkin to the Pateletimon did not regenerate her, for her crew, along with that of the cruiser Otchakoff, joined the mutineers. The whole army is believed to be honeycombed with disloyalty, and each of the three great naval stations, Cronstadt, Sebastopol, and Vladivostok, has been the scene of open revolt.

THREE CENTURIES AFTER HUDSON

Another world's fair is impending. A joint committee, appointed by the Governor of New York State and the Mayor of New York City to consider plans for the proper celebration of the third centennial of the discovery of the Hudson River, met on November 24 and formed an elaborate organization. The exact shape the celebration is to take is not yet decided, but a strong feeling has been manifested in favor of a permanent exhibition. Resolutions indorsing this scheme were adopted at a mass meeting held the evening of the day the committee was organized. All of the great World's Fairs previously held have involved a regrettable waste of wealth, sinking huge sums of money and vast amounts of labor, energy, and brains in temporary structures torn down after six months' use. It is proposed to make the Hudson Exhibition, beginning in 1909, "a permanent and significant enterprise, the object of continual pilgrimage from all parts of the world."

Where Insurance Premiums

WITH the testimony of Senator Thomas C. Platt, the case against insurance corruption in politics became complete. Until that testimony was given the embezzlers had clung to the excuse that they were defending the gold

standard. They had given the policy-holders' money to the Republican Na-Committee to protect the gold standard in 1896, and in 1900, and even in 1904, when Judge Parker had refused to accept the Democratic nomination except with the understanding that he would maintain that standard. They virtuously repudiated the idea that they would be guilty of stealing that money for ordinary, sordid partisan pol-They would steal only in a holy cause. But Senator Platt took the stand on November 21, and calmly revealed the fact that he had been receiving insurance subsidies for New York State campaigns for at least ten years. In that time the Equitable had paid him regularly \$10,000 a year, delivered in cash by special messenger. The Mutual paid him the same amount "occasionally," and he thought that the New York Life had done so "very seldom." His dealings with the Mutual had been carried on through President McCurdy, and those with the New York Life, if any, through President McCall. Mr. McCurdy, according to Platt, knew that the Mutual's contributions were for State campaigns, and so was guilty of perjury when he swore that his company had never given anything for such purposes. What the money really was given for was drawn from the reluctant witness by a series of incisive queries leading to this instructive conclusion:

"Now isn't that the way it really comes "Now isn't that the way it really comes about, Senator, that the use of these contributions in the election of candidates to office puts the candidate more or less under a moral obligation not to attack the interests supporting him?"
"That is naturally what would be involved."
"But isn't that really what is involved?"
"I should think so."

It is still the gold standard that is to be main-tained—the gold standard of morals—the "moral obligation" of the legislator to serve the interest that hires him.

The case of the "rantankerous friend" up the



SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT ON "MORAL OBLIGATIONS"

Mr. Platt testified in the insurance investigation that for ten years he had received contri Platt teamen in the Institute in the Institute of State campaigns. In return he took care that the stature "did not enact legislation that they thought bostile to the policy-holders." The tor assented to the proposition that the insurance contributions to a candidate's election the candidate under a moral obligation not to attack the interests supporting him"

> river, when cleared up, proved to be a very small affair, but illuminating in the view it afforded of the manner in which insurance graft, like the "squeezes" of Chinese mandarins, pays toll to

successive parasites until the last insignificant drops disappear down some thirsty little throat. Hyde and Alexander were drawing \$100,000 a year apiece and perquisites from the Equitable. Senator Dewas drawing \$20,000 a year for talking things

over and helping to raise the Hyde and Alexander salaries. John A. Nichols was writing to Depew that his "rantan-kerous friend" was making trouble, and in order to keep him from being inimical" he, Nichols, was drawing \$1,000 a year from each of the three great companies, not to speak of two mysterious special payments of \$6,000 each. Mr. Nichols testified that he gave the "rantankerous friend," W. S. Manning, of Albany, from \$450 to \$600 out of each \$1,000 he received, making from \$1,350 to \$1,800 a year in all. But Manning swore that his total re-ceipts from Nichols never exceeded \$450 a year, and of late had been reduced to \$300. He had published a book over a quarter of a century ago showing up the misdeeds of the insurance companies, and after a number of copies had been sold at \$50 apiece the companies bought up the rest of the edition and retained the author as a legislative expert. All of which illustrates one of the chief troubles of the grafting system—the difficulty of finding honest men to make a fair division of the plunder.

In an excursion from the great companies into the field of assessment insurance the committee found a curious state of affairs in the Mutual Reserve. It appeared that the late president of that concern, Edward B. Harper, dis-posed of the future of the company in his will, as an Asiatic king might dispose of his throne. He made it an object for the directors to elect Frederick A. Burnham as his successor,

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and bequeathed to Burnham the bunch of over thirty thousand proxies that formed the founda-tion of his own power. The designated heir is now president.

THE PANAMA MUDDLE

THE EXPERIENCE of the American people with the Panama Canal is calculated restore the defaced reputation of De Les-The new Congress confronts a situation more exasperating than anything known since we bowed the French off the Isthmus. The report of the foreign experts in favor of spending fifteen years and \$230,000,000 on a sea-level canal has been received at the White House with anger and consternation. value of time seems to have been totally ignored by the European engineers-perhaps ot unnaturally, for if the completion of the Canal would give American trade a great advantage as compared with that of Europe, which is the theory on which we are doing the work, the longer that era can be postponed the better for European interests. Mr. Bunau Varilla asserts that his "Straits of Panama" plan for an artificial arm of the sea between the oceans can be carried out in four years. Mr. George W. Crichfield sets the same for a sea-level canal forty feet deep dug by American contracting methods. Mr. Lindon Bates asks eight years for his terminal lake project. A term of six years has been named a reasonable allowance for a lock canal. The difference between six years and fifteen might be enough to intrench Europe in the command of the trade of the Far East, not to speak of leaving the transcontinental railroads in undisturbed control of the earnings of the present generation of the farmers of our own Pacific Coast.

While the question of plans is thus in a melancholy muddle, the Isthmian Canal Commission has gone on cheerfully spending It has now exhausted its whole



KING HAAKON VII AND QUEEN MAUD

The first independent sovereigns of Norway in five hundred and twenty-five years. They entered Christiania in state, November 25

appropriation of \$10,000,000, and incurred additional obligations to the amount of about \$9,000,000. There is a difference of opinion about the right of the Commission to take such action, some holding that it has violated the very drastic law forbidding any expendiexcess of appropriations, while the apparently reasonable view of the Administra-tion is that contracts may be made up to the full amount of the authorized bond issue of \$135,000,000.

THE ORIGINAL SICK MAN AGAIN

THE OBSTINATE REFUSAL of the Sultan to carry out the Macedonian reforms agreed upon by the concert of Europe has finally exhausted the patience of the Powers, and the threatened international naval demonstration began on November 24, with a movement against certain islands, beginning with Mitylene. The concert was nominally complete, but really painfully defective. The international fleet contained vessels representing Great Brit-France, Austria, Italy, and Russia, but the Russian ships were of no fighting value, the rest were not particularly imposing, and the refusal of Germany to send even so much as gunboat to show her flag encouraged the Sultan to believe that the most formidable military power of Europe was really on his side. his message of defiance the Sultan hinted at the possibility of massacres of Christians if the Powers should insist on their demands. In case of his continued refusal to come to terms it is expected that Austria will receive a mandate to subject him to the only kind of pressure he can really appreciate. But with the advance of the international fleet Turkish obstinacy began to show signs of yielding.

The Congressional Curtain Up

THE opening of the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress on December 4 raised the curtain on a political drama whose plot is curiously parallel with that of an earlier play which began with the meeting of the Fifty-third Congress, a dozen years ago. In 1893 Grover Cleveland occupied the pinnacle of popularity which Theodore Roosevelt occupies now. He was backed by a Congress controlled by his party in both branches. The elections had heaped up such dizzy Demo-cratic majorities, both Presidential and

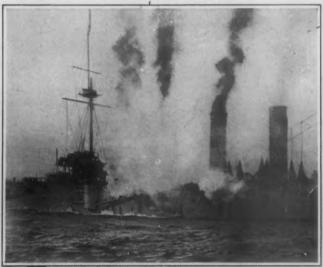
Congressional, that there was serious talk of disbanding the Republican party. It was expected that the first subject to be acted upon would be the tariff, but President Cleveland considered the money question more urgent. He called an extra session of Congress to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Law. In that he succeeded, but he wrecked his party in the process The Democracy has never won a national election since.

The Fifty-ninth Congress meets this year with the Republican party seemingly omnipotent. It has almost a two-thirds majority in each house. It has a President with the habit of victory. It faces an opposition which until lately has been discouraged and demoralized. Like Mr. Cleveland in 1893, President Roosevelt has subordinated the tariff question to another which he thinks more urgent. This question, that of the regulation of railroad rates, is one upon which the Republican party is divided, and, as in 1893, the stronghold of the opposition to the Administration's policy is the Senate.

In 1905, as in 1893, the Senate is full

of open and ambushed enemies of the President. Before last year's election the heads of the Republican Senatorial junta had everything the Republican Senatorial junta had everything nicely arranged to put young Mr. Roosevelt in his place as soon as their party should be once more safely intrenched in power. The astonishing vote of confidence given by the people to the President personally interfered with that programme a little, especially in view of the accompanying proofs that the Senatorial machines did not share the Roosevelt popularity. But the hostile purpose has merely been disguised, not abandoned.

As against the Senate, Mr. Roosevelt has one great advantage over Mr. Cleveland. He has the popular side of the issue in dispute. Mr. Cleveland had the experts with him in his battle for the gold standard, but he also had the support of Wall Street, and he had to fight the prevailing senti-ment of the people. President Roosevelt may have most of the railroad experts against him, as



THE BRITISH SQUADRON'S FAREWELL TO NEW YORK

his adversaries assert, but he also has the advantage of Wall Street's opposition, and he has the

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enthusiastic backing of public sentiment.

If, as was said some time ago, the railroads closed their literary bureau in Chicago because it had been so successful that its work was no longer needed, the action was premature. When the Republican members of the Senate Committee on Interstate

Commerce met on November 21, to consider the

testimony taken at the former hearings, and the material collected by the committee's experts, the hostile chiefs seemed to be in a conciliatory frame of mind. But Senator Foraker, notwithstanding his painful political bruises, presented a rate bill in opposition to the President's policy. He proposed to let the courts annul unreasonable rates upon application of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The railroads had succeeded in lining up their

employees solidly against Government regulation of their business. Not only did they secure resolutions to that effect from the national organizations of the five great railway unions, but they induced more than six hundred local divisions of the same bodies to take similar action. The allied associations, such as those of the freight agents and railway telegraphers, added their protests. All these unions took the extreme capitalistic view that rate-making was exclusively the business of the corporations, entirely ignor-ing the interests of the other party to the transaction, the shippers, not to speak of that submerged and usually negligible factor known as the public. On the other hand, the National Grange, in its meeting at Atlantic City, on November 22, gave its support to the President. It was evident that if the two Republican factions in Congress stuck stubbornly to their respective principles there would be a split in the party, which the Democratic vote might wedge open beyond hope of repair. The efforts of both sides in the Senate Committee were directed, therefore, toward the discovery of some sort of compromise upon which all Republicans might unite. In the absence of such a com-promise it appeared that the President

promise it appeared that the President could count upon a majority of the committee, including Democratic votes. Mr. Roosevelt would naturally prefer party harmony. His tendency has always been to take half a loaf from Republican hands rather than a whole one contributed partly by Democrats. But the earnestness with which he sought Southern sympathy on his recent tour indicates a willingness to accept Democratic help if it comes to a choice between that and total failure.

TO DISINFECT KOREA

APAN HAS FINALLY succeeded in securing that effective control of Korea for which she fought two wars in ten years, and the experiment of re-forming a government that has been described as "infected with rottenness to the bone" will have a fair trial. On November 18 a week's wrestle between the Japanese envoys, led by Marquis and the stubborn Korean rulers ended in a nine-hour session with the Emperor, which Baron Hayashi declared would last until the Japanese demands were signed. The Emperor's obstinacy finally broke down, although just before he had ordered the ministers who agreed to the Japanese terms to be assassinated. The stipulations to which the ruler was compelled to yield provided for the appointment of a Japanese administrator to govern the country under the Emperor, the appointment of Japanese administrators at all the treaty ports, the transfer of Korea's diplomatic business to Tokio, and the surrender of the right to make arrangements with foreign powers without Japan's consent.

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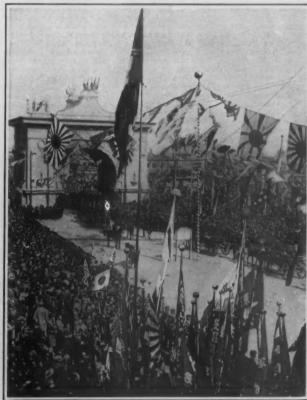
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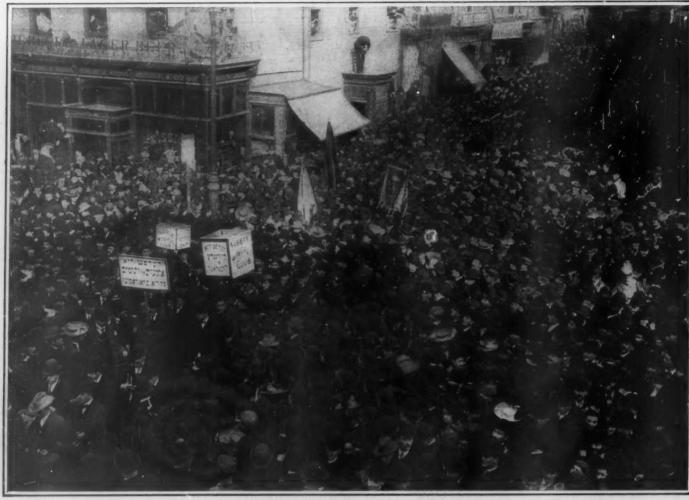
It will be possible now for Japan to carr out reforms in Korea through her own agencies. Hitherto she has tried to act through the Korean administration, which is as if a cook should try to sweeten sour milk by mixing in decayed eggs. By last year's covenant the Korean Government was bound to act under Japanese advice, but when Japan at-tempted to apply that advice, she found



BANZAIS FOR PEACE AND TOGO

herself opposed, in the words of Mr. Kennan, by "the most obstinate, corrupt, and incapable bureaucracy in the world, backed by the influence and power of an absolutely impossible Emperor." The Emperor would publicly order his ministers to carry out the Japanese suggestions and privately tell them that obedience to his public com-mands would cost them their heads. The favorite method of evading the necessity of executing reforms was for the ministry to resign. Then the Emperor would shuffle the members into different offices, and the Japanese advisers would have to make a fresh start. Now Japan will be able to give orders instead of advice, and a Government that sells the privilege of official rob-bery to the highest bidders, and spends \$1,751,634 on the Emperor against \$424 on public works, for a whole em-pire, will gain some new ideas. The task before the Japanese is about

the hardest that any country has ever undertaken. Reform in Turkey is easy, for all that is needed is to take off the weight of a corrupt government and a people fundamentally sound will begin to improve their condition for themselves. But in Korea the whole structure of society, from Emperor to coolie, seems to be in decay. McCalls and Mc-Curdys would not be annoyed by public disapproval there. And, like ourselves in the Philippines, the Japanese have to meet the greed of some of their own people who are in Korea for what they can make out of it, and keep the native hostility to their country always fresh.



THE JEWISH MOURNING PARADE IN NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24

As a token of grief for their massacred co-religionists in Russia, the Jewish societies marched through the Hebrew quarter of New York singing dirges. The police had the greatest difficulty in handling the immense throng of spectators which gathered, although there was not the slightest disturbance of any kind

MASSACRES JEWS IN RUSSIA THE OF

FROM COLLIER'S CORRESPONDENT IN ODESSA, WHO WAS AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE OUTRAGES IN THAT CITY

ODESSA, 25th October (7th November), Tuesday.

VER since the time of the disturbances when the rebellious battleship Kniaz Potemkin Tavritchesky visited our port, things have not been very quiet in Russia, and strikes have occurred on and off during the whole time. It seems that some secret power has been at work all over Russia organizing a movement toward obtaining the much-desired revolution, or at any rate something akin to it, and the climax came when about the end of October (new style) news came from all parts of the country that general strikes had begun. The first strike was a general railway strike. Travelers going abroad from the south of Russia via Warsaw were stuck there and could not proceed any further. The railway from Moscow to St. Petersburg also stopped working, and this spread gradually to the south of Russia. In our city the first we ODESSA, 25th October (7th November), Tuesday.

felt of the strike was on Friday, the 27th (14th) October, when we heard that cargo could not be loaded by the elevated railroad or by wagons on the quay on account of the men having struck work at the depot where the grain warehouses are; and this gradually spread to the town, where on the next day the students went round to the different gymnasiums or government schools and forced both boys and girls to leave work.

Everything, however, was most orderly and quiet until the police began to work, and the way they worked was absolutely brutal. In several cases, little girls and small boys who did not move along fast enough were caught by the policemen and hit by their scabbards, and the climax came when outside one school in the Kanatnaia Street a little girl not moving along fast enough was struck by a policeman with his scabbard. On another girl remonstrating and asking him how he dared hit her companion, he pulled out his sword and nearly killed her. In several instances passers-by remonstrating with the police against their brutality were promptly arrested and taken off to the different stations. The news spread like wildfire through the town, and a meeting was held at the university at four o'clock in the afternoon condemning the brutality of the police. The "Douma," or Town Council, held a stormy meeting and demanded of the Governor the immediate dismissal of the police, saying that they would form a town militia to keep order and preserve the citizens from such attacks.

On Sunday, the 29th (16th) October, students and schoolboys paraded the streets, but everything was quiet and orderly, except in one instance, where the crowd broke into a gunsmith's shop in the Deribas Street and helped themselves to all the arms they could lay their hands upon. The Cossacks, however, eventually appeared and drove them

away. In the afternoon barricades were erected in many of the streets by overturning tram-cars, cutting down trees, pulling down telephone wires to be used as entanglements, etc., but the chief perpetrators of this were the lower-class people and rabble, largely composed of boys.

The next day, Monday, everything was quiet. Soldiers were posted at all the principal buildings, and I myself when driving, near the university saw how the students paraded up and down the streets—whenever they passed a picket of soldiers just smiling and ironically lifting their caps to them. Meantime, there had been several meetings of the Douma, where very violent speeches were made against the Government, and the members demanded the resignation of the Governor, Mr. Neidgardt, who had grown into disfavor, owing, it is said, to his having backed up the police and refused



A mob gathering in front of Barjansky's jewelry store, the



Pillaged houses where Jews lived in Odessa. Nearly one hundred Jewish women and children were killed in this block



A street in Warsaw after Jewish houses had been looted and wrecked by the mob, the police not interfering

to take any measures against their brutality. The Mayor of the town, Mr. Krizhenovsky, was forced to resign, owing, it is said, to his friendship with the Governor, and his refusing to take any part in the proceedings. The picture of the Emperor was pulled down and torn to shreds.

The next day, Tuesday, the 31st (18th), when nobody knew what was going to happen next, and the whole town was in a state of intense excitement and also indignation against the authorities, the news came that a decree had been issued by the Czar, granting to the people all they wanted, viz., freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, of union and association. At first this news was hardly believed, but eventually, when the telegrams came out from the different newspaper offices, which I may say had also closed and refused to issue their papers, as a protest against the police, crowds soon beg anto appear.

Up with the Red Flag

Perfect strangers embraced and congratulated each other, and all walked about the streets with smiles on their faces. Schoolboys and students ran round the streets cheering. Crowds came from the poorer quarters of the centre of the town, mostly composed of Jewish workmen in printing offices, tailor shops, ironmongeries, groceries, etc., and swarmed up the main street. At the head of one crowd some one waved a red handkerchief, whereupon like magic other red flags began to appear; crowds rushed up and down the streets crying "Hurrah for freedom!" and singing revolutionary songs. National flags which were hung out of the different houses as a token of joy at the good tidings were pulled down and the red stripes torn off them and used as red flags. The police disappeared as if by magic, and not a single policeman was to be seen, nor yet a soldier. At nightfall, a mob, incited by the police, attacked the Jews. who retaliated. On Wednesday morning a mob of some four thousand workmen from the port, bearing Russian flags and carrying pictures of the Czar and Czarina, also instigated by the police, came up to the town.

I may here say that the reports that the Jew-baiting had been instigated by the police are not without foundation, for I myself recognized among these workmen on Thursday morning a police inspector in plain clothes who had stopped me two days previously in front of the Governor's house when I was taking a photograph.

taking a photograph.

This mob proceeded to the Boulevard, and halted in front of the palace of Baron Kaulbars, the commander-in-chief of the troops in South Russia, from the steps of which he addressed the men in a patriotic speech, and then the mob returned shouting: "Burn the Jews!" "Kill the Jews!" "They tore down the national emblems and insulted our Emperor!" Then the terrible massacre began. Any Jew who happened to fall in their way was beaten to death with sticks, crowbars, and hatchets. Jewish shops were broken into and their furniture and contents thrown into the street. The mob proceeded up the Deribasovskaia Street, and I myself saw them fall upon two Jews and beat them to death. Nearly every Jewish shop, including Barjansky's, the great jeweler's, was broken into and looted.

An Adventure with a Bomb-Thrower

An Adventure with a Bomb-Thrower

On Wednesday I myself narrowly escaped an awful death. I was standing at a corner near my house, looking up the street at a passing cheering mob of Russians, mostly composed of women and boys. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and some people came running down the street toward me. A student rushed past and cried: "Stop that man! He threw the bomb!" A man turned the corner and rushed past me, and a bystander close at hand threw himself upon him about thirty feet awayfrom where I was standing. There was another terrible explosion, and when the smoke had cleared away we saw a body lying in the middle of the road. We rushed up, and thought at first that one of the two men had been blown to bits. However, the dead man was the thrower of the bomb. In attempting to hit the man who had attempted to catch him he must have slipped and fallen upon his reserve bomb. It turned out afterward that he was a young Jewish tailor. His left arm was blown off and part of his side, pieces of flesh being found sticking to the window panes of our house, twenty or thirty yards away. The young fellow who bravely threw himself upon the bomb-thrower, and who lives in the same house with me, was unhurt, his face only being slightly blackened by the smoke. The



ounded Jew being taken to the hospital in an improvised ambulance

victims of the first explosion numbered about fifteen, and some of them were terribly mutilated.

All that night and the next day the shooting and looting went on all over the town. Itons and crosses were placed in windows and hung outside doors to mark the residences of the Russians, and in almost every case this was a sufficient protection. The Jews and revolutionists, however, had grown desperate, and whenever a soldier was seen passing he was promptly either killed or shot at. Soon the inhabitants began to call out for the police, whom they had forced away. These began to return, but in patrols, with soldiers as well, and whenever they were fired upon they and the



Arrival of a Cossack patrol in front of the Douma, St. Petersburg, to quell riotous demonstrations by revolutionists

troops replied, riddling the windows with bullets, and the mob was then allowed to enter the houses and smash all the furniture. The Jews inhabiting the houses were turned out into the street and ruthlessly

houses were turned out into the street and ruthlessly murdered.

The Red Cross workers were organized all over the town, and drove everywhere, attending the wounded and removing the dead. However, there were many instances of the revolutionists using the Red Cross as a shield for themselves, but the ruse was soon discovered.

In the outskirts of the town, matters were far worse. After having looted Jewish shops and dwellings, and massacred those inhabitants who could not escape them, the crowd turned their attention to the drinking places. Wine cellars were broken into and casks of wine were broached. Men, women, and even boys were soon standing knee deep in the cellars drinking wine, and before long drunken hordes were tearing about the streets attacking and killing any passer-by they could meet. Even Russian houses were attacked and plundered.

A Lull in the Massacre

I must say that the soldiers guarding public buildings never interfered with the mob, but allowed them to pillage, loot, and kill as much as they liked. The Cossacks even took part in the looting, and their barracks are stored with stolen goods. The infantry, however, were kept well in hand, and only in a few cases did they take anything.

with stolen goods. The infantry, however, were kept well in hand, and only in a few cases did they take anything.

On Saturday things were much quieter, and many of the better-class workmen evidently got tired of looting and returned to their work. However, occasionally firing was heard over the town during the afternoon and at night time. On Sunday, however, order was restored somewhat, orders having been received from St. Petersburg that the riots were to cease instantly—representations having been made, it is believed, by the foreign embassies to General Trepoff in St. Petersburg. The massacre of the Jews stopped as if by magic. It will never be known how many were killed during this awful week, but it must have been at least twelve hundred to fifteen hundred, and the wounded about three thousand to four thousand. To-day, for instance, five hundred Jewish women and children were buried in four big trenches in the Jewish cemetery. Hundreds of Jews are leaving Odessa, and it is said that forty thousand are destitute.



THE BEGINNING OF A STREET RIOT IN ST. PETERSBURG-SHORTLY AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN THIS CROWD WAS CHARGED BY COSSACKS



CORNER IN A TENEMENT QUARTER OF NEW YORK

SOME **THINGS** ABROAD THEY BETTER DO

Certain points in which our cities may profitably take lessons from foreigners—such as civic design, attractive streets, model tenements, public slaughtering, and other municipal enterprises—will be illustrated in this series of articles, of which this is the second. The first described the beautiful civic picture produced in Paris by planning public works in their proper relations

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

II-A SLUMLESS METROPOLIS

BERLIN'S great lesson is that of comfortable, cheerful, self-respecting living. As you study the conditions in which the Berliners are born and grow up, you cease to wonder why German emigration to America has fallen off. The wonder is that there is any left. "Why on earth," I asked myself, "should a German care to emigrate, with the chance of gravitating to an American slum, when he has the choice of living in this clean, wholesome, beautiful capital?" There are no slums in Berlin. You may have seen this statement in print, but you do not realize its full meaning until you have seen the homes of the poorest people in the German metropolis—the people who in New York would be huddled in squalid rookeries in Allen Street or Hell's Kitchen—the people who are so poor that even in Berlin they take their coppers to the horse-meat butcher shop or stand in line to buy condemned beef at the municipal slaughter house. Many of them are so poor that they are partly supported at the public expense.

The homes of these peo-

so poor that they are pass, supported at the public expense.

The homes of these people are in broad, sunny streets, usually lined with trees, and often parked off with strips of turf. In an American city most of these streets would be called avenues, if they were not promoted to the rank of boulevards. On each side are blocks of dignified and attractive dwellings resembling in outward appearance the ranks of high grade apartment houses about Morningside Park. But there is one feature of these Berlin tenements which has no counterpart in any section of New York. On both sides of the street the house fronts, from top floor to basement, are one continuous bower of verdure. In front of almost every window is a balcony that has been turned into a hanging garden of flowers and vines. You see these window gas Berlin—they are the city's attractive feature—but nowh

been turned into a hanging garden of flowers and vines. You see these window gardens in every quarter of Berlin—they are the city's most distinctive and most attractive feature—but nowhere do they seem so charming as in the quarters where they throw their radiant disguise over the grim skeleton of poverty. Each of the tenements whose front is thus bravely decked has a spacious central court—sometimes a succession of such courts opening one into another through roomy arches. In all Berlin there is no such stagnant well of putrid vapors as we call an "airshaft." Nor is there a dark room. Every tenement room opens either upon the street or upon an ample court as big as a village yard, through which the breezes and the sunlight have full play. In the newer tenements, every apartment, even if it consist of only one room, has its bath. The public halls in the poorest buildings are scrubbed and light. The superintendent—it would be an insult to call him

a janitor—has a neatly fitted office, with his papers docketed in a business-like desk. The usual arrangement of the upper floors is a long hall dividing all the kitchens from the bedrooms and living rooms. The sitting-rooms are rather ambitiously equipped with curtains, carpets, ornamental clocks, and pretentious furniture. Everything is scrupulously clean. Throughout the great building the brooms and sprinkling pots are never still. Nowhere do you sniff the fetid tenement smell that gives the first warning of your approach to an American slum. The children, whose fathers may be earning seventy-five cents a day or may have their rent paid by the city, wear neat little print frocks, and their faces show the wholesome influence of soap, water, sunshine, and fresh air.

Nor is all this a bit of Arcadian village life. Berlin

and launder their clothes. These things are done by the people themselves. Not only do the tenants look after their own apartments, but they form a mutual cooperative moral police to maintain the general standard of the house. If they find a slatternly family among them they make it feel their disapproval, and if necessary they complain to the management and have it evicted. So it appears that it would not be enough to import the Berlin city government, efficient as that is—to get the same results we should also have to import or duplicate the Berlin population. The poor of Berlin would make better homes under a Tammany government than the New York East Side would make under the administration of Berlin. The reformers who are fighting New York's slums are doing good work when they secure improved tenement laws and conscientious health inspection, but the best, the most solid, lasting, and effective work of all is when they build up individual character and self-respect among the people they are trying to benefit.



A STREET OF TENEMENTS IN BERLIN

is the fourth city in the world, and growing at a rate that will soon make it the third. It has more people than the Borough of Manhattan. It is nearly three times the size of Glasgow, which festers with slums. It has deep and widespread poverty. If the poor of Berlin can be housed with decency and comfort there is no reason why any city should have a submerged area. No reason but one, and that is the desire of the people themselves. For some of the pleasing features of their tenement system the Berliners have to thank a paternal government. The government can regulate the construction of tenements; can insist upon spacious courts, forbid dark rooms, inspect the sanitary arrangements, and regulate the lighting and cleaning of the public halls. But the government does not plant and tend the window gardens; it does not scrub the kitchens, sweep the parlors, wash the children's faces,

III - BERLIN'S LESSON FOR THE BEEF TRUST

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Berlin's workers.
Same when you will get there. You know you must be still a long way off, for you have not yet noticed the faintest trace of that pervasive monitor, the stockyards mell. Suddenly, without any warning, you draw up at a gate in the wall is broken at regular intervals by ornamental brick posts, rising above the general level, and from post to post hang festoons of vines. Across the street stand block after block of handsome apartment houses, their fronts gay with window gardens, and all overlooking the yards. These are the tenements in which the slaughter-house workmen live. Within the gate are long rows of low brick buildings, ranged along stone-paved drives.
Some of these are devoted to cattle, others to sheep, and others to hogs. Some are equipped for the care of live animals and others for slaughter. A butcher who has his sta





SAMPLE TENEMENT HOUSE YARDS IN BERLIN AND

for each, and a well-drained brick or stone floor which is thoroughly flushed every day. No dirt is carried over from one day to another—the occupants start every morning with spotless quarters. In the killing houses there is even less rest in the war on dirt. Streams of water flow unceasingly. The animals hang over gutters in the tile or brick floors, and all the traces of butchery are washed instantly away. Even here there is no sign of the sickening odor that we naturally associate with a slaughter house. If you turned your back to the operations you could eat your lunch here without a qualm. In the rafters overhead there is a rustling of—what do you think? Birds! They build their nests there and twitter an accompaniment to the butchers' knives.

Every animal that enters the Berlin abattoir is inspected to see whether it is fit to kill. In the case of cattle and sheep this inspection, with such information as is furnished to the eye by the condition of the meat and the organs after killing, is considered sufficient. But the carcass of every hog has to undergo a thorough microscopic examination. Four samples are taken from different parts of the animal, and six slides are prepared from every sample, making twenty-four microscopic tests in all. This work is done by a staff of three hundred and sixty microscopists, working in twelve rooms, surrounding a court gay with vines and flowers, and supervised by forty or more veterinary surgeons. In addition, there is a large force of samplers, stampers, and laborers. Every carcass that passes the test is stamped in fourteen different places, so that when the butcher cuts it up for sale each piece will bear its visible certificate of wholesomeness.

Meat to Suit All Tastes

The animals whose flesh is considered absolutely dangerous are destroyed. But German thrift, taken in connection with the prevalence of poverty, makes the authorities unwilling to waste anything that can properly be saved. Here comes in the one repulsive feature of Berlin's slaughtering system. The animals killed are divided into four classes. Those of the first class are sound throughout, and their meat is allowed to go into the general markets. Those of the second class have some small local disease which does not taint the bulk of the meat. In this case the affected parts are destroyed and the rest is sold directly to poor consumers in quantities not exceeding six pounds each. To see women and children standing in line for a chance to buy the meat of diseased animals is not an attractive sight, however positive the assurances that no danger is to be feared. Nor is it made more attractive by the reflection that but for the desire to

protect German landlords these people could buy the best meat for the price they now pay for a dubious article. Meat of the third class is that which is so far affected that it can not safely be sold raw, but may be



A NEW YORK "AIR SHAFT" FROM THE ROOF

eaten without fatal results if thoroughly sterilized. It is accordingly subjected to a temperature of two hundred and thirty degrees in a steam boiler and is then sold to the poor like the rest. It was in the cooking room that I noticed, although faintly, the only traces of an unpleasant odor observable in the Berlin stockyards.

The fourth-class animals are those which are hopeless throughout and are accordingly destroyed. The Berlin system has the merits and demerits of frankness. The idea of those poor women and children knowingly buying meat from diseased animals is repellent—the openness of the thing makes it so. But at least the housekeeper in Berlin has the assurance that if she goes to market for a piece of sound meat she will get it. The other kind is not to be had except at the slaughter house. There is none of that uncomfortable dread that even after paying the price of a first-class cut we may be buying some foul mass of corruption mixed in with the general stock by a thrifty Chicago packer.

Must Large Operations be Repulsive?

Must Large Operations be Repulsive?

Of course, the operations at Berlin are on a much smaller scale than in Chicago. It is a matter of killing about 5,000 cattle a week instead of 60,000, and 15,000 to 18,000 hogs instead of 140,000.

This fact has been treated by the Chicago packers as a sufficient excuse for their failure to reach the Berlin standard. They say that a vast business enterprise can not be compared with a toy. The plea is palpably absurd. It is usually believed that wholesale operations can be carried on more efficiently than retail, The Amerika is kept cleaner than a ferryboat. An international exposition is better ordered than a county fair. It is simply a matter of enlarging the organization and the working force. If one Berlin abattoirs can handle five thousand cattle a week, ten Berlin abattoirs can handle fifty thousand. It is as easy to lay ten floors with tiles or cement, and pave ten roadways with clean stone, as one, if you have the money, and the money naturally goes with a business ten times as large.

The correspondent of the London "Lancet," who investigated the Chicago stockyards, complained that the windows of the slaughter houses were heavily caked with dirt, and that it did not look as if the floors were ever really cleaned. Surely the Beef Trust is rich enough to afford soap, especially as it makes the article itself. It could afford smooth, waterproof floors and walls, that could be flushed out with a hose every day. It could afford the water to do the flushing. It could enforce absolute cleanliness in every branch of its work. Nobody would criticise it severely for dispensing with decorative effects, but it could at least so run its establishments as not to turn every visiter into a vegetarian.

lishments as not to turn every visiter into a vegetarian.





WILLIAM UNCLE

THE STORY OF AN ILL WIND WHICH BLEW HIM MUCH GOOD

JENNETTE BY

ES, I'm shif'less. I'm gen'ally considered shif'less," said William Benslow. He spoke in a tone of satisfaction, and hitched his trousers skilfully into place by their one suspender. His companion shifted his easel a little, squinting across the harbor at the changing light. There was a mysterious green in the water that he failed to find in his color box. William Benslow watched him patiently. "Kind o' ticklish business, ain't it?" he said.

The artist admitted that it was.

"I reckon I wouldn't ever 'a' done for a painter," said the old man, readjusting his legs. "It's settin' work, and that's good; but you have to keep at it steadylike—keep a-daubin' and a-scrapin' and a-daubin' and a-scrapin', day in and day out. I shouldn't like it. Sailin' is more in my line," he added, scanning the horizon. "You have to step lively when you do step, but there's plenty of off times when you can set and look, and the boat just goes skimmin' along all o' herself, with the water and the sky all around you. I've been thankful a good many times the Lord saw fit to make a sailor of me."

The artist glanced a little quizzically at the tumble down house on the cliff above them, and then at the

The artist glanced a little quizzically at the tumble-down house on the cliff above them, and then at the old boat, with its tattered maroon sail, anchored below. "There's not much money in it?" he suggested. "Money?—dunno's there is," returned the other. "You don't reely need money if you're a sailor." "No, I suppose not—no more than an artist." "Don't you need money either?" The old man spoke with cordial interest. "Well, occasionally—not much. I have to buy canvas now and then, and colors—"

with cordial interest.

"Well, occasionally—not much. I have to buy canvas now and then, and colors—"

The old man nodded—"Same as me—canvas costs a little and color. I dye mine in magenta. You get it cheap in the bulk—"

The artist laughed out. "All right, Uncle William, all right," he said. "You teach me to trust in the Lord and I'll teach you art. You see that color out theredeep green like shadowed grass—"

The old man nodded. "I've seen that a good many times," he said. "Cur'us, ain't it—just the color of lobsters when you haul 'em?"

The young man started. He glanced again at the harbor. "Hum-m!" he said under his breath. He searched in his color box and mixed a fresh color rapidly on the palette—transferring it swiftly to the canvas. "Ah-h!" he said again under his breath. It held a note of satisfaction.

Uncle William hitched up his suspender and came leisurely across the sand. He squinted at the canvas and then at the sliding water, rising and falling across the bay. "Putty good," he said approvingly. "You've got it just about the way it looks."

"Just about," assented the young man with quick satisfaction. "Just about. Thank you."

Uncle William nodded.
"Cur'us, ain't it? There's a lot in the way you see a thing."

a lot in the way you see

a thing."
"There certainly is,"
"There certainly is," There certainly is, said the painter. His brush moved in swift strokes across the canvas. "There certainly is. I've been studying that water for two hours. never thought of lob-sters." He laughed hap-

Uncle William joined nim, chuckling gently.
'That's nateral enough,'
ne said kindly. "You

him, chuckling gently.

"That's nateral enough," he said kindly. "You hain't been seeing it every day for sixty year the way I hev." He looked at it again lovingly from his height.

"What's the good of being an artist if I can't see things that you can'r?" demanded the young man, swinging about on his stool.

"Well, what is the use? I dunno, do you?" said Uncle William genially. "I've thought about that a good many times, too, when I've been sailin," he went on. "How them artists come up here summer after summer makin' picters—putty poor most on 'em—and what's the use? I can see better one setting out there in my boat, any day—Not but that's better'n some," he added politely, indicating the half-finished canvas. The young man laughed. "Thanks to you," he said. "Come on in and make a chowder— It's too late to do any more to-day—and that's enough." He glanced with satisfaction at the glowing canvas with its touch of green. He set it carefully to one side and gathered up his tubes and brushes.

Uncle William bent from his height and lifted the easel, knocking it apart and folding it with quick skill. The artist looked up with a nod of thanks. "All right," he said, "go alread."

Uncle William reached out a friendly hand for the canvas, but the artist drew it back quickly. "No, no," he said; "you'd rub it off."

"Like enough," returned the old man placidly, "I gen'ally do get in a muss when there's fresh paint around. But I don't mind my clothes. They're ust to it—same as your'n."

The young man laughed anxiously. "I wouldn't risk it?" he said. "Come on."

it," he said. "Come on."

They turned to the path that zigzagged its way up the cliff, and with bent backs and hinged knees they mounted to the little house perched on its edge

HE old man pushed open the door with a friendly kick. "Go right along in," he said; "I'll be there soon as I've got an armful of wood." The artist entered the glowing room. Turkey red blazed at the windows and decorated the walls. It ran along the line of shelves by the fire and covered the big lounge. One stepped into the light of it with a sudden sense of crude comfort.

The artist set his canvas carefully on a projecting beam and looked about him, smiling. A cat leaped down from the turkey-red lounge and came across, rubbing against his legs. He bent and stroked her absently.

rubbing against his legs. He bent and stroked her absently.

She arched her back to his hand. Then, moving from him with stately step, she approached the door, looking back at him with calm, imperious gaze.

"All right, Juno," he said; "he'll be along in a minute. Don't you worry."

She turned her back on him, and, seating herself, began to wash her face gravely and slowly.

The door opened with a puff, and she leaped forward, dashing upon the big leg that entered, and digging her claws into it in ecstasy of welcome.

Uncle William, over the armful of wood, surveyed her with shrewd eyes. He reached down a long arm and seizing her by the tail swung her clear of his path, landing her on the big lounge. With a purr of satisfaction she settled herself, kneading her claws in its red softness.



"I reckon I wouldn't ever 'a' done for a painter"

"I'll get the rest of the fixin's." He removed his hat, and, taking down a big oilcloth apron, checked red and black, tied it about his ample waist. He reached up and drew from behind the clock a pair of spectacles in steel bows. He adjusted them to his blue eyes with a little frown. "They're a terrible bother." he said, squinting through them and readjusting them, "but I don't dare resk it without. I got hold of the pepper-box last time. Thought it was the salt—same shape— The chowder was hot." He chuckled. "I can see a boat a mile off," he said, lifting the basket of clams to the sink, "but a pepper-box two feet 's beyond me." He stood at the sink, rubbing the clams with slow, thoughtful fingers. His big head, outlined against the window, was not unlike the line of seacoast that stretched below, far as the eye could see, rough and jagged. Tufts of hair framed his shining baldness and tufts of beard embraced the chin, losing themselves in the vast expanse of neckerchief knotted, sailor-fashion, about his throat.

Over the clams and the potatoes and the steaming kettles he hovered with a kind of slow patience—in a smaller man it would have been fussiness—and when the fragrant chowder was done he dipped it out with "I'll get the rest of the fixin's." He removed his

careful hand. The light had lessened and the little room, in spite of its ruddy glow, was growing dark. Uncle William lighted the lamp swinging, ship-fashion, from the beam above, and drew up his chair. "Well, it's ready," he said. "such as it is."

"That's all airs, Uncle William," said the young man, drawing up; "you know it's fit for a king."

"Yes, it's good," said the old man, beaming on him. "I've thought a good many times there wa'n't anything in the world that tasted better than chowder—real good clam chowder." His mouth opened to take in a spoonful, and his ponderous jaws worked slowly. There was nothing gross in the action, but it might have been ambrosia. He had pushed the big spectacles up on his head for comfort, and they made an iron-gray bridge from tuft to tuft, framing the ruddy face.

"There was a man up here one summer," he said, chewing slowly, "that e't my chowder. And he was sort o' possessed to have me go back home with him."

The artist smiled—"Just to make chowder for him?"

The old man nodded. "Sounds cur'us, don't it? But that was what he wanted. He was a big hotel-keeper, and he sort o' got the idea that if he could have chowder like that it would be a big thing for the hotel. He offered me a good deal o' money if I'd go with him—said he'd give me five hundred a year and keep." The old man chuckled. "I told him I wouldn't go for a thousand—not for two thousand," he said emphatically. "Why, I don't suppose there's money enough in New York to tempt me to live there."

"Have you been there?"

"Yes, I've been there a good many times. We've put

"Why, I don't suppose there's money enough in New York to tempt me to live there."

"Have you been there?"

"Yes, I've been there a good many times. We've put in for repairs and one thing and another, and I sailed a couple of years between there and Liverpool once. It's a terrible shet-in place," he said suddenly.

"I believe you're right," admitted the young man. He had lighted his pipe and was leaning back, watching the smoke. "You do feel shut in—sometimes. But there are a lot of nice people shut in with you."

"That's just what I meant," said the old man quickly, "I can't stan' so many folks."

"You're not much crowded here." The young man lifted his head. Down below they could hear the surf beating. The wind had risen. It rushed against the little house whirlingly.

The old man listened a minute. "I shall have to go down and reef her down," he said thoughtfully; "it's going to blow."

"I should say it is blowing," said the young man.

"Not yet," returned Uncle William. "You'll hear it blow afore morning if you stay awake to listen—though it won't sound so loud up the shore where you be. This is the place for it. A good stiff blow and nobody on either side of you—for half a mile." A kind of mellow enthusiasm held the tone.

The young man smiled. "You are a hermit. Suppose somebody should build next you?"

"They can't."

"Why not?"

"I om it."

"A mile?"

"They can't."
"Why not?"
"I own it."
"A mile?"
The old man nodded. "Not the shore, of course.
That's free to all. But where anybody could build I own." He said it almost exultantly. "I guess, maybe I'm part Indian." He smiled apologetically. "I can't seem to breathe without I have room enough, and it just come over me once how I should feel if folks crowded down on me too much. So I bought it. I'm what they call around here 'land-poor.'" He said it with satisfaction. "I can't scrape together money enough to buy a new boat, and it's much as I can do to keep the femile patched up and going. But I'm comfortable. I don't really want for anything."
"Yes, you're comfortable." The young man glanced about the snug room.
"There ain't a lot of folks shying up over the rocks at me." He got up with deliberation, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'm going to reef her down tighter and put down the other anchor," he said.
"You stay till I come back and we'll have something hot."

He put on his oilskin hat and coat, and, taking the

hot."

He put on his oilskin hat and coat, and, taking the He put of the solution of the night.

Within, the light of the swinging lamp fell on the turkey red. It glowed. The cat purred in its depths.

111



HE artist had been dreaming. In his hand he held an open locket. The face within it was dark, like a boy's, with careless hair brushed from the temples and strong lines. The artist knew the lines, by heart, and the soft collar and loose-flowing tie and careless dress. He had been leaning back with closed eyes, watching the lithe figure, tall and spare, with the rude grace of the steppes, the freshness of the wind. . . . How she would enjoy it—this very night—the red room perched aloft in the gale! A fresh blast struck the house and it creaked and groaned and righted itself. In the lull that followed, steps sounded up the rocky path. With a snap the

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young man closed the locket and sat up. The door opened on Uncle William, shining and gruff. The lantern in his hand had gone out. His hat and coat were covered with fine mist. He came across to the fire, shaking it off. "It's going to blow all right," he said, nodding to the artist.

"It's going to blow all right," he said, nodding to the artist.

"And it's raining— You're wet,"

"Well, not wet, so to speak." He took off his hat, shaking it lightly over the stove. A crackling and fine mist rose from the hot drops. Juno lifted her head and yawned. She purred softly. The old man hung his hat and coat on the wooden pegs behind the door and seated himself by the stove, opening wide the draughts. A fresh blaze sprang up. The artist leaned forward, holding out his hands to it.

"You were gone a good while," he said. The locket had slipped from his fingers and hung lightly on its steel chain, swinging a little as he bent to the fire.

The old man nodded. "I see the Andrew Halloran had dragged her anchor a little as I went out, and I stopped to fix her. It took quite a spell. I couldn't find the extry anchor. He'd got it stowed away for 'ard somewheres, and by the time I found it she was driftin' pretty bad. I found a good bottom for her and reefed her down good before I left. I reckon she'll hold."

"Won't he be down himself to look after her?"

her

"Won't he be down himself to look after her?"

"Maybe not. It's a goodish step from his place down and back. He knows I keep an eye out for her."

"Why doesn't he anchor up there," said the artist, "near by?"

The old man shook his head. "He's a kind o' set man, Andy is—part Irish and part Scotch. He al'ays kas anchored here, and I reckon he al'ays will. I told him when I bought the land of him he was welcome to."

"It was his land then?"

"Most on it—I do' know as he wanted to sell really, but I offered him more'n he could stan'. He's a little near—Andy is."
He chuckled.

The artist laughed out. "So he keeps

e chuckled.

The artist laughed out. "So he keeps the anchorage and right of way and you look after his boat— I don't see but he's uirly well fixed."

the anchorage and right of way and you look after his boat— I don't see but he's fairly well fixed."

"Yes, he's putty well fixed," said the old man slowly; "'s fur as this world's goods go Andy is comfortably provided for." His eyes twinkled a little, but most of the big face was sober. "We've been neighbors, Andy 'n' me, ever sence we was boys," he said. "I guess there ain't a mean thing about Andy that I don't know, and he the same about me. I should feel kind o' lonesome nights not to hev his boat to look after—and know, like as not, in the morning he'll come down, cussin' and swearin', 'cause she wa'n't fixed jest right." He peered into the kettle on the stove. "'Most empty." He rose and filled it from the pail by the sink. Then he resumed his seat by the stove, stretching his great legs comfortably before him. Juno sprang from the lounge and perched herself on his knees. He tumbled her a little in rough affection and rubbed his big fingers in her neck. She purred loudly, kneading her claws with swift strokes in the heavy cloth. He watched her benignly, a kind of detached humor in his eyes, "Wimmen folks is a good deal alike," he remarked dryly. "They like to be comfortable."
"Some of them," assented the artist.
The old man looked up with a soft twinkle— "So-o?" he said.

The artist sat up quickly. The locket swayed on its

The artist sat up quickly. The locket swayed on its chain, and his hand touched it. "What do you mean?" he said.

"Why, nuthin', nuthin'," said Uncle William soothingly, "only I thought you was occupied with art and

"I ami

"Tam."

Uncle William said nothing.
Presently the artist leaned forward. "Do you want to see her?" he said. He was holding it out.
Uncle William peered at it uncertainly. He rose and took down the spectacles from behind the clock and placed them on his nose. Then he reached out his great hand for the locket. The quizzical humor had gone from his face. It was full of gentleness.
Without a word the artist laid the locket in his hand. The light swung down from the lamp on it, touching the dark face. The old man studied it thoughtfully. On the stove the kettle had begun to hum. Its gentle sighing filled the room. The artist dreamed.
Uncle William pushed up his spectacles and regarded him with a satisfied look. "You've had a good deal more sense 'n I was afraid you'd have," he said dryly. The artist woke. "You can't tell—from that." He held out his hand.

The artist woke. "You can't tell—from that." He held out his hand.
Uncle William gave it up slowly. "I can tell more'n you'd think perhaps. Wimmen and the sea are alike—some ways—a good deal alike. I've lived by the sea sixty year, you know, and I've watched all kinds of doings. But what I'm surest of is that it's deeper'n we be." He chuckled seftly. "Now, I wouldn't pertend to know all about her," he waved his hand, "but she's big and she's fresh—salt, too—and she makes your heart big just to look at her—the way it ought to, I reckon. There's things about her I don't know," he nodded toward the picture. "She may not go to church, and I don't doubt but that she has tantrums, but she's better'n we be, and she— What did you say her name was?" her name was?'

her name was?"
"Sergia Lvova," repeated the old man slowly, yet
with a certain ease, "that's a cur'us name? I've heard
suthin' like it somewhere—"

"She's Russian."

"She's Russian."

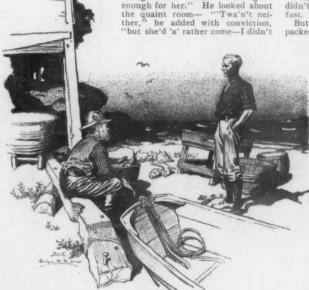
"Russian— Jest so! I might 'a' known it! I touched Russia once, ran up to St. Petersburg. Now, there's a country that don't hev breathin' space. She don't hev half the sea room she'd o't to. Look at her—all hemmed in and froze up. You hev to squeeze past all the nations of the earth to get to her, half choked afore you fairly get there— Yes, I sailed there once, up through Skager Rack and Cattegat, along up the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland, just edging along—"He held out his hand again for the locket and studied it carefully. "Russian, is she? I might 'a' known it," he said nodding, "she's the sort, same look—eager and kind o' waiting. When you going to be married?" He looked up. looked up.
"Not till we can afford it—years." The tone was

"Not till we can afford it—years." The tone was sombre.

Uncle William shook his head. "Now, I wouldn't talk like that, Mr. Woodworth!" He handed back the locket and pushed up his spectacles again, beaming beneath them. "Seems to me," he said slowly, studying the fire, "seems to me I wouldn't wait. I'd be married right off—soon's I got back."

"What would you live on?" said the artist.

Uncle William waited. "There's resk," he said at last, "there's resk in it. But there's resk in most everything that tastes good. I meant to get married once, "he said after a pause. "I didn't. I guess it's about the wust mistake I ever made. I thought this house wa'n't good enough for her." He looked about the quaint room— "Twa'n't neither," he added with conviction, "but she'd 'a' rather come—I didn't



The artist stood on the beach, his hands in his pockets

know it then," he said gently. The artist waited and the fire crackled between them.

"If I'd 'a' married her, I'd 'a' seen things sooner," went on the old man. "I didn't see much beauty them days—on sea or land. I was all for a good ketch and makin' money and gettin' a better boat. And about that time she died. I begun to learn things then—slow like—when I hadn't the heart to work. If I'd married Jennie, I'd 'a' seen 'em sooner, being happy. You learn just about the same being happy as you do being miserable—only you learn it quicker."

"I can't give up my art," said the young man. "You don't allow for art."

"I dunno's I do," returned Uncle William; "it's like makin' money, I guess—suthin' extry, thrown in, good enough if you get it, but not necessary—no, not necessary. Livin's the thing to live for, I reckon." He stopped suddenly as if there were no more to be said.

The artist looked at him curiously. "That's what all the great artists have said," he commented.

Uncle William nodded. "Like enough. I ain't an artist. But I've had sixty years of livin', off and on."

"But you'll die poor," said the artist with a glance about the little room.

"Yes, I suppose I shall," said Uncle William placidly.

"Thout I make my fortune aforehand. That hot water looks to me just about right." He eyed the teakettle critically. "You hand over them glasses and we'll mix a little suthin' hot and then we'll wash the dishes and go to bed."

dishes and go to bed."

The artist looked up with a start. "I must be getting back." He glanced at the dark window with its whirling sleet.

whirling sleet.

"You won't get back anywheres to-night," said Uncle
William. "You couldn't hear yourself think out there
—let alone findin' the path. I'll jest shake up a bed
for ye here on the lounge. It's a fust-rate bed. I've
slept on it myself, time and again—and then in the
morning you'll be on hand to go to work—save a trip
for ye. Hand me that biggest glass and a teaspoon.—I
want that biggest there—second one—and a teaspoon.
We'll have things fixed up fust-rate here."

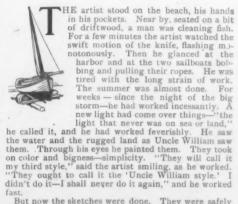
Far into the night the artist watched the ruddy room.

We'll have things fixed up fust-rate here."
Far into the night the artist watched the ruddy room. Gleams from the fire darted up the wall and ran quivering along the red. Outside the wind struck the house and beat upon it and went back, hoarse and slow.
Down the beach the surf boomed in long rolls, holding its steady beat through the uproar. When the wind lulled for a moment the house creaked mysteriously, whispering, and when the gale returned a sound of flying missiles came with it. Now and then some-

thing struck the roof and thudded to the ground with

heavier crash.

About three o'clock Uncle William's round face was thrust through the crack of the door. "You can go to sleep all right now," he said soothingly, "there wa'n't but seven bricks left in the chimney anyhow, and the last one's jest come down. I counted 'em fallin'."



fast.

But now the sketches were done. They were safely packed and corded. To-morrow he was going. To-day he would rest himself and do the things

day he would rest himself and do the things he would like to remember.

He looked again at the man cleaning fish. "Pretty steady work," he said, nodding toward the red pile.

The man looked up with a grunt. "Everything's steady—that pays," he said indifferently.

The artist's eyebrows lifted a little. "So?"

"Ne artists eyeurows inted a intensive "So?"

"Yep." The man tossed aside another fish. "Ye can't earn money stan'in' with your hands in your pockets."

"I guess that's so," said the artist cheerfully. He did not remove the hands. The fingers found a few pennies in the depths and jingled them merrily.

"There's willum," said the man aggressively, sweeping his red knife toward the cliff. "He's poor—poor as poverty—and he al'ays will be."

"What do you think is the reason?" asked the artist. The tone held respectful interest.

interest.

The man looked at him more tolerantly.
"Too fond of settin'."
The artist nodded, "I'm afraid he is."
"An' then he's al'ays a-givin'—a little
here and a little there. Why, what William Benslow's give away would 'a' made
a rich man of him."
"Yes?"
"Yes?"

"Yes?"

"Yes?"

"Yes?"

"Yes?"

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"He rested his arms on his legs, leaning forward. "How much d'you s'pose e give me for that land—from here to my house!"

He pointed up the coast

The artist turned and squinted toward it with half-closed lids. It glowed—a riot of color, green and red, cool against the mounting sky—"I haven't the least idea." he said siowly.

"Well, you won't believe it when I tell you—nobody'd believe it— He paid me five hundred dollars for it—five hundred. It affi't wuth fifty—"

The artist smiled at him genially. "Well—he's sat-isfied."

isfied."

"But it ain't right," said the man gloomily. He had returned to his fish. "It ain't right. I can't bear to have Willum such a fool."

"I think I'll go for a sail," said the artist.
The other glanced at the horizon. "It's going to storm," he said indifferently.

"I'll keep an eye out."

"Ye better not go."

"Think not?" He looked again at the harbor. "It's my last chance for a sail—I'll watch out."

"All right. "Tain't my business," said the man. He went on slitting fish.

"All right. 'Tain' went on slitting fish.

The harbor held a still light—ominously gray, with a tinge of yellow in its depths. Uncle William hurried down the face of the cliff, a telescope in his hand. Now and then he paused on the zigzag path and swept the bay with it. The gray stillness deepened.

On the beach below the man paused in his work to look up. As Uncle William approached he grunted stiffly. "She's off the island," he said. He jerked a fishy thumb toward the water.

Uncle William's telescope fixed the boat and held it. His throat hummed, holding a kind of conversation with itself.

The man had returned to his fish, slitting in rough haste and tossing to one side. "Fool to go out—I told him it was coming."

The telescope descended. Uncle William regarded him mildly. "I o't to 'a' kept an eye on him," he said humbly. "I didn't jest sense he was going. I guess mebbe he did mention it. But I was mixing a batch of biscuit and kind o' thinking to myself— When I looked up he wa'n't there." He slid the telescope together and slipped it into his pocket. "I'li hev to go after him," he said.

The other looked up quickly. "How'll you go?"

The other looked up quickly. "How'll you go?"

Uncle William nodded toward the boat that dipped securely at anchor. "I'll take her," he said.

The man laughed shortly. "The Andrew Halleran? I guess not!" He shut his knife with a decisive snap and stood up. "I don't trust her—not in such a storm as that's going to be." He waved his arm toward the harbor. The grayness was shifting rapidly. It moved in swift green touches, heavy and clear—a kind of luminous dread. In its sallow light the man's face stood out tragically. "I won't resk her," he cried.

man's face stood out tragically. I won't resk her, he cried.
"You'll hev to, Andrew." Uncle William bent to the bow of the dory that was beached near by. "Jump in,"

he said.

The man drew back a step. The hand with the clasped knife fell to his side. "Don't you make me go, Willum," he said pacifically. "You can take the boat and welcome, but don't make me; it's too much reak!"

boat and welcome, but don't make me; it's too much resk!"

"It's al'ays a resk to do your duty," said Uncle William. "Jump in. I can't stand talking." An edge of impatience grazed the words.

The man stepped in and seized the oars. "I'll help get her off," he said, "but I'm not going."

In the green light of the harbor a smile played over Uncle William's face grotesquely. He gave a shove to the boat and sprang in. "I guess you'll go, Andrew," he said; "you wouldn't want a man drowned right at your dooryard."

"You can't live in it," said Andrew. He lifted his face to the light. Far to the east a boat crawled against it. "It'll strike in five minutes," he said.

"Like enough," said Uncle William, "like enough—easy there!" He seized the stern of the Andrew Halloran and sprang on board. They worked in swift silence, hoisting the anchor, letting out the sail—a single reef—making it fast. "All she'll stan'," said Uncle William. He turned to the helm.

Andrew, seated on the tiller bench, glared at him defiantly. "If she's going out, I take her," he said.

"You get right over there and tend the sheet, Andy,"

him defiantly. "If she's going out, I take her," he said.

"You get right over there and tend the sheet, Andy," said Uncle William.

In silence the other obeyed. He undid the rope, letting it out with cautious hand. The low sail caught the breeze and stiffened to it. The boat came round to the wind, dipping lightly. She moved through the murky light as if drawn by unseen hands.

The light thickened and grew black—clouded and dense and swift. Then with a wrench heaven parted about them. The water descended in sheets, grayblack planes that shut them in—blinded them, crushed them. Andrew, crouching to the blows, drew in the sheet, closer, closer—hugging the wind with tense grasp. About them the water flattened like a plate beneath the flood. When the rain shifted a second they saw it, a gray-white floor, stretching as far as the eye could reach. Uncle William bent to it, scanning the east. "Hold her tight! Andy," he yelled. His leg was braced against the tiller and his back strained to it. His hat was gone. The tufts of hair lashed flat to the big skull were mere lines. "Hold her tight! make fast!" he yelled again.

Through the dark they drove, stunned and

lines. "Hold her tight! make fast!" he yelled again.

Through the dark they drove, stunned and grim. The minutes lengthened to ages and beat them eternally in torment. Water and clouds were all about them—underneath them and over. The boat, towering on each wave, dropped from its crest like a ball. Andrew, on her bottom, crawling, beseeching, groping, blubbered pitifully. Then in a breath the storm was gone. With a sucking sound it had swept beyond them, its black skirts hurtling behind it as it ran, kicking a wake of foam.

Andrew from beneath the bench lifted his sopped head like a turtle, breathless. Uncle William, bent far to the right, gazed to the east. Slowly his face lightened. He drew his big hand down its length, mopping off the wet. "There she is!" he said in a deep voice; "let her out. Andy."

With stiff fingers Andrew reached to the sail, untying a second reef and loosing it to the wind.

The water still tossed in tumbling waves, and the fitful rain blew past. But the force of the storm was gone. Away to the north it towered, monstrous and black.

monstrous and black.

With his eyes strained to the east, Uncle William held the tiller. "We'll make it, Andy," he said quietly. "We'll make it yet if the Jennie holds out." Suddenly he stood upright, his hand on the tiller, his eyes glued fast.

"Luff her!" he cried. "She's gone—luff her, I tell you!" He sprang back, jamming the tiller from him. "Let her out, Andy, every inch!"
The canyas flew wide to the wind. The great

The canvas flew wide to the wind. The great boat responded to its touch. She rose like a bird and dipped, in sweeping, sidewise flight, to the

race. Across the water something bobbed — black, uncertain—
"Look sharp, Andy," said Uncle William.
Andrew peered with blinking eyes across the waste. The spirit of the chase was on him. His indifference had washed from him like a husk in that centre of terror. His eyes leaped to the mass and glowed on it. "Yep," he said solemnly, "he's held on—he's there!"
"Keep your eye on her Andy. Don't lose her."

on—ne's there!"

"Keep your eye on her, Andy. Don't lose her."

Uncle William's arms strained to the wind, forcing the great bird in her course. Nearer she came and nearer, circling with white wings that opened and closed silently, softly. Close t the bobbing boat she grazed, hung poised a mome, and swept away with swift stroke.

The artist had swur g through the air at the end of a huge arm. As he looked up from the bottom of the

boat where he lay, the old man's head, round and smooth, like a bowlder, stood out against the black above him. It grew and expanded and filled the horizon—thick and nebulous and dizzy.

"Roll him over, Andy," said Uncle William, "roll him over. He's shipped too much."



NCLE WILLIAM sat on the beach mending his nets. He drew the twine deftly in and out, squinting now and then across the harbor at a line of smoke that dwindled into the sky. Each time he looked it was fainter on the horizon. He whistled a little as he bent to his work. Over the rocks Andrew appeared, bearing on his back a luge bundle of nets. He threw it on the sand with a grunt. Straightening himself, he glanced at the line of smoke. "He's gone," assented Uncle William cheerfully. Andrew kicked the bundle of nets apart and drew an end toward him, spreading it along the beach. "He's left you poorer" he found you," he said. His tough fingers worked swiftly among the nets, untying knots and straightening meshes.
"I dunno 'bout that," said Uncle William. His eyes followed the whiff of smoke kindly.
"You kep' him a good deal, off and on. He must 'a' e't considerable," said Andrew. "And now he's up and lost your boat for you." He glanced complacently at the Andrew Halloran swinging at anchor. "You'll never see her again," he said. He gave a final toss to the net.
"Mebbe not," said Uncle William, "mebbe not."

"Mebbe not," said Uncle William, "mebbe not."
His eyes were on the horizon, where the gray-blue haze lingered lightly. The blue sky dipped to meet it. It melted in sunlight. Uncle William's eyes returned to

his nets.

"How you going to get along 'bout a boat?" asked Andrew carelessly.

Uncle William paused. He looked up to the clear sky. "I shouldn't need her much more this fall anyway," he said, "an' come spring, I'll get another. I've been needing a new boat a good while."

Andrew grunted. He glanced a little jealously at the Andrew Halloran. "Got the money?" he asked.

"Well, not got it, so to speak," said Uncle William, "but I reckon I shall have it when the time comes."

Andrew's face lightened a little. "What you countin' on?" he said.

on?" he said.

Uncle William considered. "There's the fish—Gunnion hain't settled with me yet for my fish."

Andrew nodded. "Seventy-five dollars."



"And now he's up and lost your boat for you"

"And I've got quite a count of lobsters up to the pardin' house—"
Andrew's small eyes squinted knowingly. "Out o'

season?"
Uncle William returned the look benignly. "We didn't date the 'count—just lumped 'em, so much a catch—saves trouble."
Andrew chuckled. "I've saved trouble that way myself." He made a rough calculation— "It won't make a hunderd, all told. How you goin' to get the rest?"
"Mebbe I shall borrow it—" said Uncle William. He looked serenely at the sky. "Like enough, he'll send a little suthin'," he added.

"Like enough!" said Andrew.
"He mentioned it," said Uncle William.
"He's gone," said Andrew. He gave a light p-f-f
with his lips and screwed up his eyes, seeming to watch
a bubble sail away.
Uncle William smiled. "You don't have faith,
Andy," he said reproachfully. "Folks do do things a
good many times—things that they say they will. You
o't to have faith."

Andy," he said reproactionly.

good many times—things that they say they will. You o't to have faith."

Andrew sauffed. "When I pin my faith to a thing. Willum, I like to hev suthin' to stick the pin into," he said scornfully.

They worked in silence. Seagulls dipped about them. Off shore the sea-lions bobbed their thick, flabby, black heads inquiringly in the water and climbed clumsily over the kelp-covered rocks.

Andrew's eye rested impassively on their gambols. "Wuthless critters," he said.

Uncle William's face softened as he watched them. "I kind o' like to see 'em, Andy—up and down and bobbin' and sloppin' and scramblin'—you never know where they'll come up next."

"Don't need to," grumbled Andy. "Can't eat the blamed things—nor wear 'em. I tell you, Willum"—he turned a gloomy eye on his companion—"I tell you, you set too much store by wuthless things!"

"Mebbe I do," said Uncle William humbly.

"This one, now—this painter fellow—" Andrew gave a wave of his hand that condensed scorn. "What'd you get out o' him, a-gabblin' and sailin' all summer?"

"I dunno, Andy, as I could just put into words," said William thoughtfully, "what I did get out o' him."

"Ump! I guess you couldn't—nor anybody else. When he sends you anything for that boat o' yourn, you just let me know it, will you?"

"Why, yes, Andy, I'll let you know if you want me

u just let me know it, will you?"
'Why, yes, Andy, I'll let you know if you want me
I'll be real pleased to let you know," said Uncle William

NCLE WILLIAM carried the letter up the zigzag rocks in his big fingers. A touch of spring was in the air, but the Andrew Halloran still rocked alone at the foot of the cliff. Uncle William turned back once to look at her. Then he pursued his way up the rough path

path.

He lighted the swinging lantern and sat down by it, tearing open the envelope with cautious fingers. A strip of bluish paper with uneven edge fluttered from it and fell to the floor. Uncle William bent over and picked it up. He looked at it, a little askance, and laid it on the table. He spread the letter before him, resting his elbows on the table and bending above it laboriously. As he read, a pleased smile came and went in the big

elbows on the table and bending above it laboriously.
As he read, a pleased smile came and went in the big
face. "Now, that's good—ain't it!— Married—
I want to know— Weil—weil!— Pshaw, you
needn't 'a' done that! Why!" He picked up
the bluish slip and looked at it. He laid it down
and returned to the letter. "What! what!" He
pushed the spectacles up on his head and sat
back, surveying the red room. He shook his
head slowly. "No, no, I couldn't do that!"
He returned the letter and the blue slip to the
envelope and stowed it way in his pocket. He

He returned the letter and the blue slip to the envelope and stowed it away in his pocket. He surveyed the room again, shaking his head. "I couldn't do that nohow," he said slowly. "But I must go show it to Andy. He'll be real pleased." He rose and began to set the table, bringing out smoked herring and bread and tea and foxberries with lavish hand. He sat down with a look of satisfaction. Juno, from the red lounge, came across, jumping into the chair beside him. She rubbed expectantly against him. He fed her bits of the herring with impartial hand. He looked about the room with cheerful gaze, shaking his head.

bits of the herring with impartial hand. He looked about the room with cheerful gaze, shaking his head.

"It's a heap of money," he said, chewing slowly, "but I don't seem to need it—don't need it enough for that."

He finished his supper and washed the dishes and put them away. Then he combed his tufts of hair and tied his neckerchief anew.

He found Andrew outside his house feeding the hens. They stood in silence watching the scramble for bits. "Shoo!" said Andrew, making a dash for a big Cochin China. "She eats a lot more'n her share," he grumbled, shaking out the dish. "Comin' in?"

"I've got a little suthin' to show you," said William.

"Come out behind the barn," said Andrew. Seated on a well-worn bench, with a glimpse of the bay in the distance, William drew out the envelope. "I've had a letter from him—from Mr. Woodworth."

"The painter chap?"

"Uh-huh." Uncle William fumbled for his

"The painter chap?"
"Uh-huh." Uncle William fumbled for his

glasses.

"What's he say?"

Uncle William drew the letter from its envelope. The blue slip fluttered again in its wake and fell to the ground. Andrew stooped and picked it up. He held it in both hands, scrutinizing it. His eyes grew round. "'D he send you that?" Uncle William glanced at it carelessly. "That's part of it."

part of it."
Andrew laid it sacredly on his knee, gazing at it.
"Part of it!" he said feebly.
"That's for the boat," said Uncle William; "I told you I'd let you know soon's it come. That's what I come over for." He gazed at Andrew with a benign smile. Andrew grinned sheepishly.
Uncle William shook his head. "Didn't I tell you, Andy, that you o't to have faith?"
"He was poor as poverty," muttered Andrew; "he told me so."

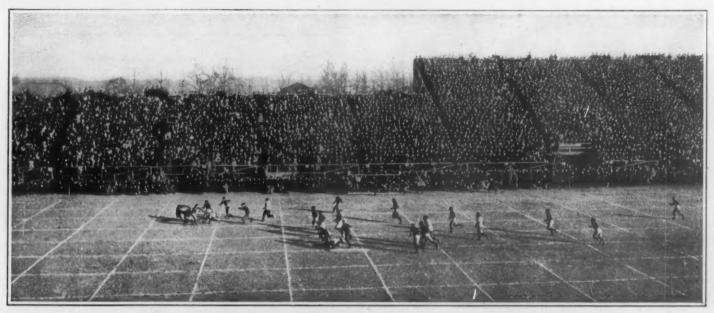
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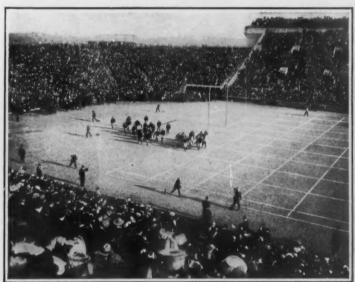
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THE YALE-PRINCETON GAME AT NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 18, IN WHICH YALE WON BY 23 TO 4



THE YALE-HARVARD GAME AT CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 25, IN WHICH THE NEW HAVEN TEAM WAS VICTORIOUS, 6 TO 0

THE FUTURE FOOTBALL

The series of articles on "Buying Football Victories," concluded last week, provoked wide interest in the Middle West. In the present article President Jordan makes certain recommendations which must appeal to every college faculty

By DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of Leland Stanford Junior University

Pollowing the interesting discussion that has appeared in these pages on commercialized athletics, I am asked to say a word about intercollegiate football from the point of view of a college president, one who in his day and generation has been an athlete, and who still has faith in the value of all forms of collegiate and most forms of intercollegiate athletics.

an athlete, and who shall have forms of intercollegiate athletics.

First, as to the good side of football. As Professor Hiram Corson once observed, "It is not a ladylike game." It is a rough, virile, unsparing man-making contest, with a distinct lesson in courage, patience, self-control, and co-operation. When played by gentlemen it tends to strengthen the instincts of a gentleman. When it falls among muckers, no doubt it shows all the features of muckerism. Such fate is not peculiar to football. It overtakes literature, for example, the drama, and even religion. Those who have played straight football, in honest teams with honest opponents, all testify to its value in teaching the many virtues implied in successful team work.

While men are sometimes killed at football, and sometimes maimed for life, such things do not often happen outside of the raw beginnings of the untrained secondary schools. For these schools, as matters are, football is not well adapted. What is called the brutality of football is greatly exaggerated in current newspaper criticisms. The number of serious accidents is scarcely greater proportionally than is caused by horseback riding, rowing, yachting, swimming, hunting, and other forms of manly exercise, from which danger can not be wholly excluded. Brutality is by no means inherent in football. For that matter, rough play wins no games. Yet we must confess that bru-

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tality is sometimes present—brutality criminal and beastly. This indicates the presence of the mucker, a type of man the very opposite of that which it is the business of the university to discover and develop. The word "mucker" was invented at Harvard, and is usually used to indicate the kind of man a normal col-

The word "mucker" was invented at Harvard, and is usually used to indicate the kind of man a normal college man ought to despise.

There has been much discussion of the possibility of improving the game of football by making it more interesting, by making it less dangerous, and by excluding the possibility of muckerism. As to the first and second of these matters the writer has no final opinion. The distinguished athlete-professors, in whose hands the forming of the game still lies, seem to be far from any agreement among themselves.

Beyond a doubt, the elimination of mass plays and the encouragement of end runs, punting, and rushing through a scattered field would make the game more interesting to spectators. The same interest would also be heightened by a distinctive color of dress on the two sides, with a big letter on the back of each man to distinguish guard, tackle, quarter-back, and the rest of the armament, one from another.

It is very doubtful whether a more open game would be less dangerous. Most serious accidents occur in the tackling of a swift runner in the midst of his interference—the very play which is most interesting to the spectators.

As matters are, the game is too beefy. There is too

spectators.

As matters are, the game is too beefy. There is too great a reward placed on mere muscular force and too much stress on the ability to hammer a weak place in the line, until at last the weak man gives way. To ram at a player until he is insensible puts a premium on a surplus of brawn and a minimum of brains.

The remedies for actual brutality or "dirty football" are mainly two: The direct penalty, and the elimination through scholarship and other academic tests of the dirty men who make games "dirty." The direct remedy is in the hands of the umpire. This remedy is dirty men who make games "dirty." The direct remedy is in the hands of the umpire. This remedy is never sure, for the umpire does not see everything and sometimes does not try to do so. There are umpires who will think twice before ruling out a member of a powerful team, on whose good-will future chances for umpiring may depend. Moreovey, the penalty is not severe enough. Dirty play in football stands in the same category as cheating at cards. It shows the offender to be a cad, a mucker, a thief, who has no rights in the presence of gentlemen. To be convicted of dirty football should bar the person in question from all future intercollegiate games. That the innocent might not suffer from the umpire's bad judgment on the moment, there should be some sort of a court of final appeal.

In an admirable article, recently published in "The Outlook," Dr. J. William White of the University of Pennsylvania said:

"As no other game brings about such close and violent

Pennsylvania said:

"As no other game brings about such close and violent personal contact, no other game is so likely to be complicated and discredited by collisions between individuals whose ethical ideas are undeveloped, or who have not learned the great football lessons that ought to be printed and displayed in every team room, viz., that the better students they are the 1. football they will play; that, on the whole, a clean team and a clean game are good football policy as well as good morals and good manners; that time spent in quarreling and disputing is time wasted, and that every moment employed in slugging or calling names, or in unfair play of any sort, lessens the effectiveness of the individual player and weakens the work of the whole team."



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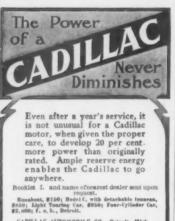
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THE FUTURE OF FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 19)

But the proper antidote for muckerism must rest with the university and its relation to its own athletic sports.

In a recent report the president of Yale University has stated in striking phrase that the great function of the university is the fixing of standards. By the standards which the university sets, all its activities of whatever sort will in the long run be affected and determined. An institution may be caught unawares by an outbreak of parasitic vulgarity. But the prevalence and persistence of muckerism, in athletic sports or elsewhere, indicates a mucker college. And in every such case the final responsibility rests with the indifference or the vulgarity of the college faculty, with the lowness of its standards or its failure to fix them at all. to fix them at all.

It is a recognized fact that many members of our most successful football teams, in fact most of the men chosen by our experts for an "All-American" line-up, are professional or semi-professional athletes. That is, they are in the college not for education, but for what they can make out of the game—taking their pay in cash or notoriety, or both. Through the ingenuity of non-academic professional coaches, "rank outsiders," so far as university standards are concerned, through the patriotism of alumni and interested citizens (largely gamblers, saloon-keepers and promoters) a good many "inducements" can be offered to the husky boys of the high schools, and even to the still huskier fellows of no school at all. If the professor in the college assumes an attitude of indifference in these matters, the "bleacher" set has its way; the more scrupulous of the student body are swept aside, although usually in the majority, and the team is fixed for victory.

The Scholarship Test Will Abolish the Athletic Tramp

An amateur is one who does a certain thing because he likes it, his profession or avocation lying in some other direction. Amateur sports are the play of men who do not depend on sport for a living. A "professional" is one who derives his financial support wholly or in part from the activity in question. In any line of activity a professional will naturally excel an amateur. A college exists to develop professional excellence in intellectual lines. A college man is rarely intending to become a professional athlete. The professional life of an athlete is short and precarious, and a college man can do better. College sports are therefore the by-play of scholars and of men in training for creative action. Because they are the by-play of scholars and of men in training for creative action. Because they are the public. A baseball match of college seniors counts for far more than a game among street gamins; though the latter may put up the better game. The college men represent standards in life. They are men with a future, and this trait is, or ought to be, shown in their games as well as in their themes of investigation. Moreover, the intercollegiate games involve a comparison of ideals in institutions, each with its group of loyal partisans. The charm of football lies in its clash of clans. But in the fact that each clan dearly loves victory, the parasite of muckerism finds its place. In the joy of victory his performance passes with the rest as part of college loyalty. He may win because he is a professional, not an amateur; but the game has its interest and importance to college folks solely from its amateur character.

The evil is not in professionalism itself. There is no crime in being a paid athlete; it lies in the trickery by which professionals masquerade as amateurs, and by which vulgar cads and their vulgar ways are made objects of worship to college students, and of tender consideration by college faculties.

The real remedy is this: It is the duty of the college to stand for intellectual work and intel

The Faculty Attitude Should be Constructive, not Negative

Yet with all vigilance and all courage, college authorities are sometimes imposed upon. To this end, the rule that a student going from one college to another shall not play football for the first year is a good one. The rule that he shall not play till entrance deficiencies are made up is also good. The rule that unbroken attendance on classes and attention to work is the first of training rules is still better. It is essential to honest football that the player should receive no favors in class-room markings. To this end, the number of games should be limited. Half a dozen games each season, on Saturdays, not more than half of these away from home grounds, represents the most that a fair student can do and retain his standing in scholarship. A schedule much more strenuous than this is prima facie evidence of academic laxity, which means professionalism. The four-year limit to the career of an academic is also a wholesome reminder that football is not the chief end of life.

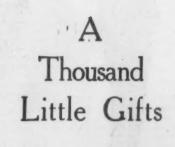
Above all, it must be insisted that the final responsibility for university

chief end of life.

Above all, it must be insisted that the final responsibility for university standards, for standards of behavior and standards of honesty, as well as standards of scholarship, must in America rest with the university faculty. To deny this responsibility is not to escape from it. The student body is our own creation. The athletes are representative students. In view of this responsibility our attitude in matters of athletics should be constructive, not negative. It serves little to pile up restrictive legislation, to be ignored in proportion to its severity or its complexity. It counts little to "flunk out" an occasional illiterate "football hero." To reject a man now and then because he got a dollar in his boyhood for a baseball game helps make a liar of the next man. Be sure that he is a professional in spirit before you bar him out.

Be Collegiate or Frankly Professional

One alternative remains. Let the football team become frankly professional. Cast off all deception. Get the best professional coach. Pay him well and let him have the best men the town and the alumni will pay for. Throw off all restrictions as to previous experience and duration of engagement. Let the only regulations be the rules of the game itself. Let the paid team struggle with its rivals on the gridiron in perfectly honest warfare, each known for what it is, and with no masquerade of amateurism or of academic ideals. Let the rooters root and the faculty cheer if they care to do so. There is no harm in this. It is nothing more or less than takes place in baseball every day, except the "giants" and the "bean-eaters" struggle under the banner of individual cities, not of universities. That does not matter. The evil in current football rests not in the hired coaches and hired men, but in academic lying and in the falsification of our own standards as associations of scholars and of men of honor. No real interest would suffer, because nobody would need act a lie.



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UNCLE WILLIAM

(Continued from page 18)

"He's had quite a run of luck," said William, returning to the letter; "he is they've been hevin' a kind of exhibition. He's sold six of them things—

"He's had quite a run of hose, says they've been hevin' a kind of exhibition. He's sold six of them says they've been hevin' a kind of exhibition. He's sold six of them says pictures."

"What's six pictures!" said Andrew. His intent was scornful, but Uncle William had a literal mind. He consulted the letter again. "It's eleven thousand five hundred dollars," he said, reading the words slowly; "that's quite a lot o' money, ain't it, Andy?"

Incredulity rested on Andy's face. But his eye fell again on the check in his fingers. He pinched it tightly. "So he sent you five hunderd of it?"

"Uh-huh."

"She wa'n't wuth it," with jealous conviction.

nis nigers. He pinched it tightly. "So he sent you have hunderd of it? "Uh-huh."

"She wa'n't wuth it," with jealous conviction.

"I was going to say it myself—if you'd give me time," said Uncle William mildly. "She wa'n't wuth more'n two hundred if she was that; but it'll take five hundred for a new one, such as I'm plannin'."

Andrew's eye, fixed on the blue slip, held a tinge of green in its depths. "So I'm going to take two hundred straight out and borrow the rest of him," said William placidly. "He'll let me hev it anyway I want, I reckon. He says suthin' 'bout payin' me a commission on the pictures—'cause they was made out o' my land, I suppose."

Andrew's eye lifted itself with a helpless look. It swept the horizon line—rock and moor and sea and cloud. "Willum"—he leaned toward him, half whispering the words—"what'd you suppose it is 'bout pictures that makes 'em cost so much?"

"I dunno," said William carelessly; "can't be the paint?"

"No."

"I dunno," said William carelessly; "can't be the paint?"
"No."

"No."
"Nor the canvas— Must be the way he does 'em."
"Just a starin' and settin'," grumbled Andrew.
"He sweat and fussed some," said William reprovingly, "quite a considabul.
I shouldn't call it real easy work— But that ain't all, Andy"—he scanned the letter anew—"there's suthin' cur'us about the way he sold 'em. A man's bought 'em—a Frenchman—queer name—" He squinted at it. "He bought 'em partly 'cause he liked 'em and partly 'cause he liked the place." He laid down the letter and beamed upon Andrew.
Andrew swept a despairing glance at the horizon. "Mebbe he'd like to live here," he sneered.
"That's just it, Andy. You've hit it," said Uncle William excitedly.
"How keen you be, Andy! That's it—he wants to buy it."
"Huh!" said Andrew. The sound stuck in his throat and grumbled itself away.
"He's a man that Sergia—that's his wife now—Mr. Woodworth's wife—she knew him, the Frenchman, when she was a girl—up in Russia, and he seemed to know the place right off the minute he set eyes on the pictures; said he used to live somewheres round here when he was a little boy. I don't remember no such name; do you, Andy?"

He found the place in the letter and laid his big thumb on it. "There's the name, right there."

Andrew bent above it, squinting. "C-u-r-i-e," he spelled slowly.
William prodded. "That's what I make out— There wa'n't never any

He tound the place in the letter and laid his big thumb on it. "There's the name, right there."

Andrew bent above it, squinting. "C-u-r-i-e," he spelled slowly.

William nodded. "That's what I make out— There wa'n't never any Curies round here, was there?"

"Not's I know on," said Andrew. His little eyes gleamed suddenly. "What'll you bet he ain't fooling you!" he said eagerly.

William returned the letter to his pocket with slow dignity and rose from the bench. "I don't speak that way o' my friends, Andy," he said gently. "I'd a heap rather trust 'em and git fooled than not to trust and hev 'em all right."

"Where'll you live when you sell to him?" demanded Andrew.

Uncle William looked at him a minute. "I wasn't thinkin' o' sellin' it," he said slowly. Andrew's eyes drew together shrewdly: "Didn't offer 'nough, I reckon."

"He offered me ten thousand dollars," said Uncle William, "but I wouldn't take it—nor twenty thousand, nor fifty."

Andrew's voice failed him. It died away to a whisper. He found it again: "Don't you be foolish, Willum. It's a fortin!—ten thousand dollars." He spoke almost pleadingly. Jealousy was swept away in grandeur. "It's a fortin, Willum," he repeated.

A week later they may on the book.

A week later they met on the beach. "Heard anything more, Willum?"

ed Andrew carelessly.
"Well, I did have a letter," admitted Uncle William.
"What'd he say?"
"He says the Frenchman's willin' to give me anything up to twenty thou-

sand."
Andrew's eyes were saucers. They filled with the milk of human kindness.
"Now, don't you act contrary, Willum," he wailed. "I know you're going to
be holding off. I can see it in your eye. Don't you do it."
Uncle William surveyed the sky. "I knew you'd want me to do it, Andy,"
he said amiably, "and I'd like to do it for you. But somehow I can't seem to
see my way to it. I'm glad he likes the place. That's in his favor. He seems
a sensible sort of man. But he doesn't want it so bad as I do—not from anything he's said yet."
Andrew surveyed him scornfully. "You're a fool. Willum."

Andrew surveyed him scornfully. "You're a fool, Willum."
"I suppose I be," said William with a sigh. It changed to a chuckle:
"That's a good deal of money, Andy—twenty thousand?"
"You're a fool," said Andrew shortly—"al'ays was."



TALL man stepped from the John L. Cann and walked slowly up the wharf. Whispers nudged each other and ran through the crowd on the wharf: "Who is he? What's he want? Where's he from?"

They sought the captain, who could only tell them that the man had come aboard at Hawksbury, ticketed from New York.

The man pursued his way up the main street, a little group tagging respectfully in the rear. He walked slowly, looking from side to side and stopping now and then to survey some house or fish shop. A pair of eye-glasses swung from a long chain, and he lifted them, placing them on a high nose. "That's Samuel Gruchy's," he said boldly.

The tall man peered down at him. "Thank you," he said politely.

The group behind waited, breathless. He was French. They could tell it from the shoulders and stoop, and the slightly lifted eyebrows and fine-pointed beard—Frenchmen often came to Arichat—but the voice and the English words had no trace of accent. With a little contraction of the eyebrows the glasses dropped from his nose. He swung the chain lightly in his fingers. "And—do you—ah—know—perhaps—where I could stay overnight?" He replaced the glasses, dipping for a quick look at the boy.

Other boys pressed forward. The first pushed them back: "Go 'long—this way, sir." He scurried ahead with hard bare feet. The man followed him leisurely. The boy stopped at the foot of the steep bank. "That's the place," he said, "up there. They'll keep you as long as you want to stay."

The man glanced carelessly at the house. "Ah—thank you—I will look in later. I have an errand up the shore." He tossed a coin in the air and strolled on up the road, past the clustered boathouses, along the stretch of shore road, throwing back his shoulders and breathing deep.

Andrew from behind the barn watched him pass. He reported at the house: "Queer-lookin' cuss just gone by—high-steppin'."



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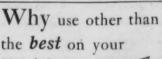
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WILLIAM UNCLE

(Continued from page 22)

At the foot of the cliff the man paused, looking up, half ruefully, to the little house perched at the top. Half-way up the path he paused, breathing hard. He looked back at the harbor behind him. Two boats lay at anchor—one white and glossy, a huge bird with rounded breast, the other dipping beside her like a dusky waterfowl. The man swung the glasses to his nose and surveyed them intently. A smile held his face—something fine and keen. He drew a deep breath and resumed his climb.

Uncle William threw open the door and stood in it, bluff and commanding. The man panted a little from the climb. "I—" he said slowly. "Come right in, come right in," said Uncle William; "don't stand there puffing." The man surveyed the red room with a little look of satisfaction. "Come in the fohn L. Cann?" asked Uncle William. He was sitting with a hand on either knee, gazing at him benignly. The man nodded. "I came right up. I wanted to see you. My name is—" He searched in his pocket and produced a card.

Uncle William took it in gingerly fingers. He carried it to the window. "Benjamin F. Curie?" He wheeled about. "You're the man that wanted to buy my place?"

"The same," said the other genially. He had regained his breath.
"I told you I couldn't sell it," said Uncle William. The tone was almost querulous.
"And I told you I wanted to buy it." They confronted each other.

querulous.

"And I told you I wanted to buy it." They confronted each other.

"Well," said Uncle William, "well!" He sat down again.

The man smiled. "I thought perhaps you didn't know how much in earnest I was."

The man smiled. I thought perhaps y

I was."

"Oh, I knew ye was in earnest," said Uncle William. "So was I."

The man laughed out. "I like these rocks—dote on 'em—I love every rock on this shore." He motioned toward the beach.

"You do?" Uncle William leaned forward in his chair. "Who be ye, anyhow?" he asked, scanning the face. "He said—Mr. Woodworth said—you was born somewhere round here. But I don't know no such name." He flipped the bit of pasteboard with his thumb.

"Who lived this side of Gunnion's when you were a boy?" demanded the stranger.

"Who lived this side of Gunnion's when you were a boy?" demanded the stranger.

Uncle William paused. He stared at the card. He looked again at the face, with its lifted eyebrows and pointed beard. He shook his head— Then a light grew in his face slowly. He started forward— "Not Bodet?—" he said eagerly, "not little Benjy Bodet?" He looked again at the card.

The man laughed musically. "Right," he said. He stood up, holding out his hand. "I thought you would know me."

Uncle William took it slowly. He studied the thin, keen face. "Benjy Bodet," he said, "I'd know you—much as you're changed—I'd know you! Sit right down and tell me all about it—"

"All?" said the man. He laughed again, looking contentedly about the room. "It will take some time."

"You'll have to stav a good while," said Uncle William.

The man nodded. "I mean to—I've wanted to come back ever since the day we sailed for France."

"You was twelve years old that summer," said Uncle William, "Your folks come into property, didn't they, over there?"

"Yes—on my mother's side. We took her name. I was sick for months after we got there—homesick—cooped up in rooms."

"Poor little chap!" Uncle William surveyed him. Affection was in his eyes and memory. "You always was a kind o' peaked little chap," he said reflectively. "You hain't changed much—when you come to look. Take off your whiskers and slick your hair up and tetch down your eyebrows a little— Just about the same."

The man laughed out. He swung the glasses boyishly from their chain.

and memory. "You always was a kind o' peaked little chap," he said reflectively. "You hain't changed much—when you come to look. Take off your whiskers and slick your hair up and tetch down your eyebrows a little— Just about the same."

The man laughed out. He swung the glasses boyishly from their chain. "Well, you're not."

"Me?" Uncle William looked down at his bulk. "No, I'm bigger, a little—stouter mebbe?"

The man nodded. "But just the same underneath."

"Just the same," said Uncle William.

The man drew a deep breath. "I've traveled all over the world, but there's no place like this anywhere."

"Nowhere," said Uncle William fervently.

The man looked at him keenly. "Will you sell?"

Uncle William shook his head. "I'll divide with you."

The man held out his hand. "It's a bargain," he said.

Uncle William took it and held it fast. His eyes twinkled. "I must go and tell Andy." he said, "he'll be real pleased."

"Andy?" The man's face lighted. "You don't meah Andy Halloran? Is he here yet?"

"Right here—on deck—same as ever," said Uncle William.

The man's eyes twinkled. "Remember the day he took my lobster pot?"

"Borrowed it," said William dryly.

"Borrowed it," said William dryly.

"Borrowed it," said william dryly.

"Well, he hain't, not so to speak," said Uncle William slowly; "there's mean spots in Andy—Rocks—You have to steer careful. But there's sandy bottom if you know how to make it. I've anchored on him a good many years now and I never knew him to slip the anchore. It may drift a little now and then—Any bottom does that."

The man laughed out. "So it does." He took up his hat. "I will go along with you if you're going down. I must look up my traps and find a place to stay."

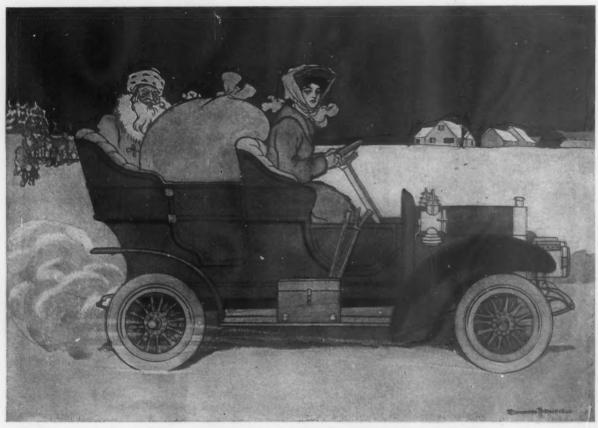
Uncle William looked at him sternly. "Not a step—you don't stir a step, Benjy Bodet. Sit right down there." He pointed to the red lounge. "I'm going to row down and get your duds. I don't need to stop to Andy's." He chuckled. "He'll be lookin' out somewheres. I'll holler it to him as I go by." He beamed upon his guest. "Now y

"When we were boys," said the man slowly.
"When we were boys," assented Uncle William

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Why Japan Was Ready to Quit

AN INSIDE STORY THAT COULD NOT BE PUB-LISHED UNTIL THE PEACE TREATY WAS SIGNED

By FREDERICK PALMER

Collier's Correspondent with the Japanese forces during the recent was

By MIDSUMMER the foreigners at the front pretty well realized the true situation of Oyama's army. But that was only one consideration. In Tokio' we got others, financial and political as well as military. As a result, there can be only one conclusion. Japan was not more wise in the time she chose for the beginning of the war than in the time she chose for ending it.

The little group of statesmen who have directed their country's policy for the last two years have always kept to their muttons. While they assisted in hypnotizing the world with the idea of Russia as a limbless giant, they themselves never forgot the potent truth that they could not deal her a vital blow. It was not lack of confidence in the army and navy which made them hesitate to cast the die in February a year ago, but "how shall we ever make peace with the monster when we have taken what the want?"

Before the war Japan could not borrow money abroad. In face of this fact she knew that she could not carry on the war longer than a year without a foreign loan. The confidence of the international money market must be won, as it was, by victories and diplomacy. What if the Czar should set out stubboruly to prolong the conflict for five years? When they thought of that, the statesmen took his weak and vacillating character into consideration along with the possibilities of revolution in his Empire.

Funds were more readily forthcoming than was anticipated. But the cost of the war far exceeded expectations. Another surprise was the power of the Siberian Railroad in transporting troops and supplies; and still another was the strength of Port Arthur, which Nogi expected to take by a determined assault instead of by siege.

From the moment that Port Arthur fell Japan was ready for peace. She had gone to war for the possession of Korea and the control of the Japan Sea. These were secured. But if in January of last year she had hinted to the world that she wanted peace, that would have been the best possible way of encouraging Russia to further efforts.

tune moment to float a third foreign loan, this time at four and a half instead of six per cent.

Still there was no word from the Czar. He centred his hopes on Rojestvensky. After Rojestvensky's overwhelming defeat Japan floated a fourth loan, this time for \$150,000,000. She did not need the money yet, but she was wise in making hay while the sun shone. That little group of statesmen who carried the destinies of their nation in their hearts never received better news than the consent of Russia to the peace conference. To the world Japan seemed in the position of the victor and Russia of the vanquished. The situation was really stalemate. Either contestant might stop where he stood. With the loss of the command of the sea Russia had nothing to gain by a victory on land except the restoration of her prestige. She could not acquire Korea or recover Port Arthur.

Various and Vexatious Alternatives

If Japan took Harbin she would only have driven the Russian army three If Japan took Harbin she would only have driven the Russian army three hundred miles further back on that railroad, which is seven thousand miles long. If she took Vladivostok, Russia must pay her a huge indemnity, or else she might have acquired a debt to foreign bondholders which she could not carry. And either she must move on Harbin and Vladivostok, or else maintain a purely defensive line facing Linevitch. In the latter event she would make a confession of her weakness, which meant that she could possibly hope for no indemnity. Moreover, she would have the expense of keeping her army in the field and maintaining a state of war till Russia was ready to make peace.

army in the field and maintaining a state of war till Russia was ready to make peace.

Those professors in military academies and war colleges who lecture on "Security of Information" might well adopt Japanese text-books if there were any. Text-books are unnecessary to a people in whom the art of keeping their own secrets and extracting the secrets of others is inborn. On this score at least the Japanese army is incomparably the superior of its Western rivals. Its weaknesses have been concealed from the world, whose imagination has thereby been centred on its successes. By "Security of Information" the battle of Mukden was won. If Kuropatkin had not taken Kawamura's advance for the real flanking movement, if he had known the position of Nogi, we should have had the stalemate on the battlefield which maintained later seventy-five miles further north.

should have had the stalemate on the battlefield which maintained later seventy-five miles further north.

Now that the war is over a correspondent may, without any disloyalty to the army to which he was attached, reveal the fact that the situation of Oyama was by no means as favorable as the outside world thought. So well convinced was I personally that we should advance no further, that I left the army three weeks before peace was arranged. Yet after Mukden, thanks to the concealment of Japanese aims, we shared with the rest of the world the opinion that we should move on Harbin. But in five months following Kuropatkin's disaster we advanced only fifty miles, filling up the gap which Kuropatkin's retreat and our failure to pursue had left between the two armies. A month after the battle of Mukden, the grand headquarters staff began taking all the precautions which had always preceded a general engagement. Permission was refused to both attachés and correspondents to visit the other army corps or to pass out of a circle about four miles in circumfereñce, with its centre well to the rear of our main line of reserves.

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main line of reserves.

Week after week, as the files of the home papers a month old arrived, we read that Linevitch was already "enveloped by a great flanking movement"

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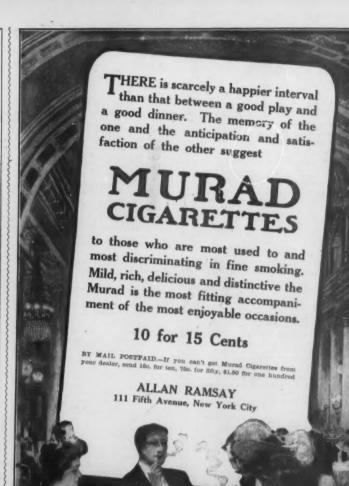
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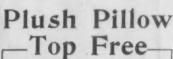
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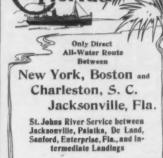
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WHY JAPAN WAS READY TO QUIT

(Continued from page 26)

and "great news was hourly expected." During all this activity of rumor, and of publication which Tokio seemed to encourage, the headquarters staff of the different armies were building Japanese gardens, and papering and repairing the Chinese houses of the villages which they occupied. For five months Kuroki could not have had a total of a hundred casualties. For five months the whole of that right wing reported at various times as having cut the railroad between Harbin and Vladivostok, was leading a barrack-room life.

cut the railroad between Harbin and Vladivostok, was leading a barrackroom life.

Till after the battle of the Sea of Japan, it was thought that it was the threat
of Rojestvensky which kept the army in check. The month of June, favorable
to operations, passed without action. When the rains of July and August set
in, of course, neither transport nor artillery could budge. Both armies were
literally stuck in the mud. There they remained till the news of peace camenews which I think was welcome to the soldiers and officers of both armies, all
protests to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the year that elapsed since the battle of Liao-Yang, Oyama had advanced
about one hundred and forty miles, or about twelve miles a month on an
average. Harbin was as far away again.

After the fall of Liao-Yang we were told that there was no good position for
a stand this side of the Sungari, and after Mukden we were told the same
thing. Yet Linevitch seems to have made his new position stronger than either
Liao-Yang or Mukden was. At Liao-Yang the Japanese flanked the Russians
out by a movement through the hills to the left; at Mukden they flanked
them out by a movement over the plain to the westward. The final Russian position was such as to make a flanking movement from either direction
most difficult.

We must admit that Linevitch surprised us all, either by his own ability or
his capacity for listening to good advice, which may amount to the same thing.
When it was announced that an old Cossack was to take the place of the staff
expert the Japanese did not hide their gratification; later they began to regret
the change. The world has simply had another illustration of the superiority
of character to mental versatility. Kuropatkin was a pedagogue, a McClellan,
a pin-cushion of details, whose brilliant mental processes were such that he
never formed one conclusion but he began to see reasons for a different one.
He interfered with his subordinates and by his lack of trust in them destroyed
their trust in themselves.

The

He interfered with his subordinates and by his lack of trust in them destroyed their trust in themselves.

The old Cossack seems to be made of iron. His mental processes are simple; he has those qualities which "fight it out on this line all summer." He seems not to have interfered with the detail work which is a portion of that deus ex malchina of the modern army, the chief-of-staff; but he held his chief-of-staff and all his leaders responsible for results. Kuropatkin was a cosmopolitan; Linevitch was a Russian. The old Cossack used Russian methods—the methods of Peter and the great and terrible Czars. "I am your father, my children, and I care for you. You fight for me and you obey, or I will hang you." Cowards and malingerers, whether officers or men, were punished in good old mediæval fashion. The Russian army was getting hard; it had a master at last. We heard less of our reconnaissances bagging companies and half companies; sometimes, indeed, the tables were turned on us and our own patrols never came back.

Much Talk of a Vladivostok Campaign

Much Talk of a Vladivostok Campaign

If peace had not come and the main army had persisted in a defensive position, then activity must have been shown elsewhere or else Japan would have confessed that she had reached the limit of her power for aggression. As Oyama had held Ku opatkin in place while Port Arthur was assailed, might not he now hold Linevitch in place while Vladivostok was besieged? The tactical situation, however, was totally different. The Vladivostok fetich had been carefully nursed in Tokio. Wild news despatches had been landing troops for the investment almost from the outset of the war. The advance into Russian territory from Northwest Korea, which was always in the air, never materialized. Before Vladivostok could have been invested, the railroad to Harbin as well as the railroad to Kharbarofsk must have been cut. An operation of such magnitude could not be undertaken till the sea was clear of all threats by Rojestvensky. But once he was beaten the way was clear; the demand for action was imperative. The taking of Saghalien was child's play. Renaming it Karafuto, as if it were positively and finally a Japanese possession, was convincing of Japan's self-confidence. But in the three months from Rojestvensky's defeat till the end of the peace conference, that military machine which put two army corps on to the Liaotung peninsula in a month put ashore at de Castries Bay only a couple of divisions.

It is possible that Russia divined that these were not landed for other than Portsmouth purposes; Japan had the prestige of victory. She gave out no information, she smiled and seemed as confident as ever. In diplomacy to the last she proved herself more than the equal of the Russian. She went to Portsmouth (when she had yet struck no blow at the Russian mainland) with the manner of the conqueror. It was beautiful—it was Oriental from one point of view—the kindly warning she gave the Russian plenipotentiaries, that if the terms she laid down at the outset were not accepted they would become much more

the Car's stubbornness was wiser than his counselors knew. Certain it is that Japan was ready to end the war at the cost of all of Saghalien. In that she kept half, she won the victory.

To that little group of statesmen who have had no illusions—who have financed and directed this marvelous war—the riots in Tokio were as a drop of rain on the sunny day of their triumph, in having won the ends of the war and in having forced the monster to peace; for, of course, the people were not in the secret. They never are in Japan. Why should they be as long as they will fight and pay at the command of the Emperor? They had won. Weren't they entitled to indemnity according to the foreign custom? Did not Germany get a billion gold from France? Had not their successes been as splendid as those of the Prussians? Even army officers, when I talked with them about it, could not understand that the possession of an enemy's capital is one thing and the possession of nothing which you wish to return to the enemy for payment is another. The press of Japan had almost led the public to believe that there would be a general distribution of Russian roubles after the war. This appealed particularly to the -iff-raff of the cities and of the capital which furnished the only regiments in the war which refused to stand fire. So the riff-raff rioted and the riots were put down.

The brothers and the fathers of the soldiers did not participate in the disorder. They have many homesick letters from Manchuria which they cherish. The privates at the front were sad to have no indemnity, but they were not gnashing their teeth with rage to get at the enemy again. The mob knew only of the victories, while the soldiers knew how the victories had been won. They had a foeman's true admiration of the Russian private, stupid, but rich in that character of stubbornness which has made Russia such a vast Empire. I take off my hat to him. He is not afraid. Although he has lost, yet he seems to have won. One who has watched him in the field prays that his defe

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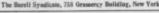
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Editorial Bulletin

New York, Saturday, December Nine, Nineteen Hundred and Five

The Christmas Number

OLLIER'S for Christmas," out next week, will be essentially a story paper. The number will consist of thirty-six pages, gay with color pictures and a cover by Maxfield Parrish. Here is a partial list of

Collier's for Christmas

"For the Blood is the Life"

A Story by F. MARION CRAWFORD

Illustrated in Color by Walter Appleton Clark

Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom A Story by GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Illustrated in Color by Jessie Willicox Smith

The Rescue of Santa Claus

A Point by WALLACE IRWIN
Illustrated in Color by Edward Penneld

A Story by JOHN FOX. IR.

By F. P. DUNNE

Illustrated by C. D. Gibson and E. W. Kemble Mr. Dooley

Agamemnon and the Fall of Troy A Story by HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Illustrated by A. B. Frost

The Miracle of Tannhauser McGinnis A Story by MELVILLE CHATER
Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens

A Poem by J. W. FOLEY
Illustrated in Color by Jessie Willcox Smith

Going Home to See the Folks

Full-page Drawing by A. B. FROST

A Christmas Hold-Up

Full-page Drawing in Color by F. VER BECK

WE told something of these stories in this column last week,-of the W ghostly Thing in "For the Blood is the Life"; of the love affair of little "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom"; of the discomfiture of the suave Mr. Troy at the hands of one A. G. Iones; and of the wanderings of little McGinnis in search of an illuminated Christmas tree. Here is a variety; and we are satisfied that all the stories are good stories. In fact, "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom" would have held an excellent chance of gaining a prize in last year's \$8,000 contest if the awards had been made by the office staff. As it was, it stood among the nine stories from which the final selection was made. One of the judges, Mr. Walter Page, would have awarded it second prize. He liked "Rasselas" so well that he placed it second to "Fagan," say-"The woman who wrote it took a love story for her matter and used so gracefully that happy turns of fancy decorate the proper development of it at every stage of the tale."

Odessa's Horrors

ON another page of this number we publish an article on the massacres of the Jews in Russia, sent to us by our correspondent in Odessa,-the same who sent us the story and pictures of the mutiny of the battleship "Kniaz Potemkin" last June. He urges us not to disclose his name, as this might get him into trouble with the police authorities, who do not appreciate the publication of descriptions and pictures such as these. Our correspondent was arrested and his camera taken from him while he was securing the photographs he sent to COLLIER'S. He explains that he got his camera back by virtue of "influence." Our correspondent was an eye-witness to the horrors of which we only received hints in the newspaper despatches. It seems almost impossible that such brutality could be; but his story is told so simply, without flourish or rhetoric, that its truthfulness and accuracy are self-evident.

The Third \$1,000 Quarterly Contest

THE second period of three months in COLLIER'S Quarterly Short Story Competition ended December 1. For the story judged to be the best, received during that time, COLLIER'S will pay the second premium of \$1,000. It is not possible to say definitely when the announcement of this award will be made; but quite probably it will be published in the January Fiction Number, together with a list of all the manuscripts accepted and some comment on them, as was done in the June-to-September contest. The third quarter is now begun, and all stories accepted between December 1 and March 1, 1906, will be eligible for another \$1,000 premium in addition to the price paid for the manuscript, which is at the rate of five cents a word. It may be well, however, to repeat here, the rule laid down at the time of making the first award,-that we do not want any stories longer than six thousand words. We can not give the space to them. A six thousand word story requires, with illustrations, about three pages of our space. That is all fiction should claim in a single issue of COLLIER'S,—except in the Fiction Numbers. Therefore we shall do all we can to discourage authors from writing beyond that limit. We won't count any more than six thousand words in any story. When we have counted that far, we shall either return the manuscript, or get tired and pay-if the story is too good to send back. We should greatly prefer to have stories of three or four thousand words; they fit into our pages more readily and do not offer mechanical obstacles that go with the greater length. The little book, giving fuller details to those who may not yet be familiar with COLLIER'S Quarterly Contests, may still be had for the asking.





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N EIGHBORS in for dinner.

Things going beaming with pleasure and pride

micely beaming with pleasure and pride.

All of a sudden the carving knife slips.
Chicken is off the platter and sliding across the spotless table cloth, straight for Mrs.
Neighfor's lap.
Yes,—and a dull knife.
But the worst of it is that yow suffer because the steel-worker who made the knife trusted too much to luck in the first place.

because the steel-worker who made the knife trusted too much to luck in the first place.

In olden days, when men carved each other, there was much talk of charmed cut-lasses and lucky swords.

To this day we are apt to think that good knives are a matter of luck.

Know why this is so nearly true?

Well, raw steel is a mass of little grains,—like the grains in lump sugar.

And if you make raw steel thin enough to cut with—relying merely on its thinness—its in't much good, because a treaks easily,—crumbles like a thin piece of lump sugar will. So steel must be toughende before it will take a thin, keen edge.

This toughening is sometimes called tempering, and everyone knows that steel is tender that the sugar steel is the sugar-like grains of steel, and they begin to stretch. That's why we say steel expands when heated.

As things get hotter and hotter for the little steel grains, they stretch and wriggle into a tangle of tiny steel wires.

And of course a network of wires is tougher than a mass of grains.

Now, its when knife blades are being tempered that "carver's luck" is being settled. There is a magic degree of toughness?

Land et a sugar steel expands when heated.

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Now, its when knife blades are being tempered that "carver's luck" is being settled. There is a magic degree of toughness?

Is there no way except by guessing at the right shade of one color in accentantly changing, misty rainbow of colors?

"Yes,—there is and that's why the color shades of the purple glow is the magic degree of toughness?

The that is always sharp is not exceed the magic degree of toughness?

Is there no way except by guessing at the right shade of one color in accentantly changing, misty rainbow of colors?

"Yes,—there is an occurred to the latter."

There there is no excuse for chicken's slid-more than its own enough but not too tough.

chickens instead of rudely pushing them off platters.

A carving knife that is always sharp is one that is tough enough, but not too tough.

Tough enough to take a keen cutting edge and hold it well, but not too tough to be kept at its sharpest, by a few atrokes, once in a while, on a standard Lee Sharpening Steel. That in-between-toughness is the magic degree.

Just as there can be no ice until water is cooled to 32 degrees, there can be no "lucky carver" until the blade is toughened to just the magic degree.

What is the magic degree, and how can.

magic degree.
What is the magic degree, and how can steel worker tell when he has it?
Well, the good old time-worn way is to us at it by the colors in the steel rainbow, trust to luck to hit it right.

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are always sharp,—or easily kept as keen as new by an occasional dozep strokes on a standard Lee Sharpening Steel.

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And when the end is a pale yellow, cool the needle in a glass of water.

Note how the colors run from a pale yellow at the point into brown, then purple, then blue. Well, that's the steel rainbow. It tells as nearly as such misty colors can, how close a network the tiny wires have weaved. It helps the steel worker to guess at the toughness.

Now, somewhere in the record, and the steel worker to guess.

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The "magic degree" was captured for Landers Cutlery by constant testing and proving.

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